CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY SIDNEY R. COOK

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Our New Serial Story

Hypnotism is an interesting subject whether considered as a psychopathic study or as a "stunt" for the vaudeville stage. It is beyond doubt that some people have a mysterious power to control the actions of others under conditions which they have the ability to impose on the "subject." Boyd Wendham, a physician, just returned from several years' study in Vienna where he has specialized in hypnotism, joins a house party at Evelyn Grange. Among the guests is his old sweetheat, Nellie Gaynor, a widow of six months, and a vulgar little parvenu who has recently become one of the set by marrying Charles Lawdon. Mrs. Gaynor tells Wendham that she exists chiefly on her earnings from a racing stable left her by her husband. Wendham is deeply concerned at her state of health, but forgets her case temporarily when consternation overcomes the whole party by the announcement that—but turn to page 115 of this issue and begin one of the best mystery serials you have ever read.

Lord o' Land

We have been fortunate in securing for our readers a new series of sketches by Janey Canuck, which will be published under the general title Lord o' Land. The first of these appears on page 119 of this issue and there will be another next month of equal interest.

A Madge Macbeth Story

Among the fiction in next month's issue is another story by Madge Macbeth, who has gained a reputation for fiction which is "out of the ordinary." The scene of this one is laid in the Klondike and the title is "The Owner of 28 Above."

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VOLUME Twenty-two NO. 3

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON July 1917

Confederation Times and Heroes

By Madge Macbeth

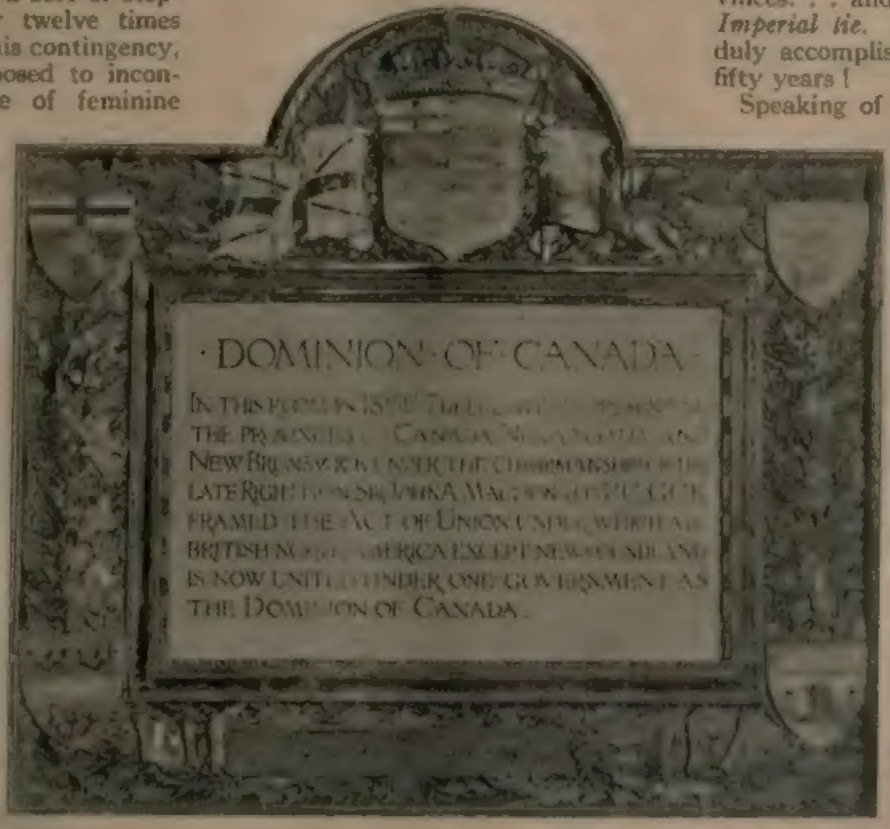
Illustrated from Photographs

ONCE, at least, every ten years since 1867, our memories have been jogged and our patriotism dusted by numerous articles concerning the stirring days which preceded and followed Confederation. Beside these, many of the Fathers, several of the sons and numberless nephews and cousins have written Memoirs and Reminiscences.

There seems, ovbiously, therefore, very little left for me—a sort of step-grand-daughter, ten or twelve times removed, to say. As this contingency, however, is never supposed to inconvenience seriously, one of feminine persuasion, I will endeavour to set forth some of the lighter sides of the issue which gave to Canada a nationhood and to England one of her wealthiest possessions.

"Deadlock" was the Father of Confederation! According to Sir Richard Cartwright, the union of Upper and Lower Canada in 1841 was but a *mariage de convenance*. Radical and religious differences had bred strife and discord; personal antipathies had clouded issues and set at variance people who actually had the unity and peace of the country at heart. As Goldwin Smith put it, when describing the constant bickerings not only between different parties, but within the same party — "The smaller the pit, the nearer the rats!" Some idea of existing conditions can be gathered by realizing that in June 1864 Government by party collapsed. In the next three years there were two general elections and four Cabinets went to pieces. It hardly seems possible to-day, but at that time, Canada faced disintegration of the most exaggerated sort—the sort which we associate with Harold Magrath's fiction which tells of a dozen small principalities within a limited area and between which exist different language, different postal regulations, different currency, different political systems; principalities between which tariff rises like a wall and feuds seethe without cessation. Not only that, but Canada faced dismemberment from the Empire. There were parties both in England and here to whom the idea was not at all repugnant.

Briefly then, the objects of Confederation may be summed up as a means for evolving a workable Government. . . the unification of the provinces. . . and the *preservation of the Imperial tie*. All of which has been duly accomplished, in much less than fifty years!



From the John Ross Robertson Historical Collection

Tablet in the Westminster Hotel, London, England

Speaking of postal regulations, currency and the like, these were questions which vitally concerned the Fathers of Confederation. A national currency had to be established — not an easy task considering that one province accepted the English pound, shilling and pence, its neighbor preferred the paper and silver of the United States, and a third leaned toward the Mexican dollar and the romantic doubloon. Government salaries were paid in doubloons in Nova Scotia. I have no doubt that at a pinch, the old standards of exchange—a wife, a cow or a cube of tea — would have passed as legal tender. Newfoundland money was viewed with distrust and suspicion in all the provinces; there was uniformity to that extent, at least. The postal regula

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tions were scarcely less interesting. Letters were addressed with what seems a delightful vagueness. "John Smith, Perth, Canada West," somehow ound the claimant. Indeed, only a few years ago, letters came to Ottawa, addressed "Canada West." Postal rates were high; nine cents for a sixty mile delive y and an increasing scale for greater distances. It was quite worth considering before sending a letter to the Pacific Coast from Halifax, whether silence were not golden.

Sir John Macdonald reminded one of his audiences that in 1844 only 1,400,000 letters passed through the post offices of the various provinces, of which 1,200,000 were sent not more than 400 miles from their starting point. In 1883 there were 90,000,000 letters sent from coast to coast at a three cent postal rate. In 1915 we find an issue of 790,743,370 stamps!

The cynic may, of course, draw an invidious comparison between the value of letters then and now, but even he cannot fail to be impressed.

The inhabitants of British North America were severally known as Newfoundlanders, New Brunswickers, Canadians and Nova Scotians—these last, complained Sir Charles Tupper, being frequently confused in the minds of Englishmen with Nova Zemblans or other remote peoples!

Sir Charles wanted to call the Confederated provinces British America; others suggested Columbia, Chabotia Acadia, Ursalia, and Britannia. It was almost as difficult to settle upon a name for the Dominion as upon a capital.

That Ottawa as a site was not an unanimous choice is proven by the fact that it was sneeringly referred to as "that little Arctic lumber village." After Her Majesty had chosen it, the House of Commons passed a vote rejecting it as an unsuitable place for the seat of Government, at which the Ministry resigned, feeling that the Queen had been insulted. This flagrant act of discourtesy could never have occurred had there not existed such bitter rivalry between Kingston, Toronto, Montreal and Quebec each of which had known the excitement of being Capital under the *migratory* system of Government. It goes without saying that aside from the inconvenience, the expense to the public treasury was enormous when moving-time came.

An old resident of Cornwall described the herculean activities of just one family—that of the Sandfield Macdonalds—when preparing to trail after the seat of Government.

"As children, we used to hang over the fence to watch the proceedings," she told me, "fascinated by the bustle and excitement of the scene. The house was almost cleared of its furnishings, and what was not taken away, was packed against the inronds of moth and rust, or the corruption of men. Last and most important was the business of moving the cow, which always accompanied the family on its Parliamentary perigrinations. When this ceremony was begun, we knew that the hour of departure had come. Likewise, when some fine morning, we discovered the faithful animal browsing in the field, we knew that the session was ended and the Macdonalds were once more at home. If moving the Houses of Parliament gave half so much trouble as moving the Macdonalds, I should think that members would have been glad to stay in one place—no matter where—until the day of Judgment!"

John Sandfield Macdonald was not, of course, one of the Fathers of Confederation, but he was a prominent figure of the times. He was first Premier of Ontario and an interesting personality.

"Scratch a Russian," says an old proverb," and you will find a Tartar." Paraphrased, this fitted the Hon. John Sandfield, who, beneath his veneer of "ma-pul leaf and em-blum dear" showed many points of the prickly Thistle. A service or a slight, an attraction or an aversion were nursed by him with hothouse care, and never set out in the open until sturdy enough to grow. Then they were placed with Highland exactness where they would do the most harm—or the most good!

Ontario's first Premier resolved to help Destiny shape his ends. He was not hampered by the fetters and conventions which bind spoiled children of fortune, and he was not ashamed to work. At an age when most boys leave school, he entered it; at an age when most boys consider they have finished their education, he began to acquire his. He passed through the Cornwall Grammar School and then entered the law office of Mr. Draper where he remained until he was called to the Bar, in 1840. Almost immediately after this, he was asked to represent Glengarry in Parliament, and his political life began.

Mr. Macdonald was at heart a Conservative; he called himself a Liberal; his course was— independent. He playfully described himself as the Ishmael of Parliament, because his political hand seemed to be raised against every man. He seemed to enjoy political isolation, and was almost as eagerly sought by one party as the other; his utter disregard of partyism and its claims, seems in nowise to have offended his constituents for he was returned time and again, whether as Liberal, Reformer, or anything else.

This change of political front is attributed by the late Sir James Whitney who was a student in Macdonald's office, to his inability to acknowledge any man as his leader. So strong was this trait, that he refused Sir John's offer of a position in his Cabinet by telegram in the following laconic terms . . . . "No go!"

A humorous incident occurred in Glengarry when Sir George Cartier went there to address a meeting. He was escorted to the Town Hall with great ceremony, and not as Sir John described his reception in Halifax, after the Quebec Conference—"with sufficient courtesy." He was led to the platform and invited to remove his hat and coat. Behind him there were pegs upon which an assortment of plaids and overcoats were hanging, and Sir George tried to put his amongst them. But he found he could nothing like reach them and had to call one of the brawny Glengarry boys to perform this service for him. He created a most favorable impression during his speech by referring not only to the mental stature of the men of that county but to their splendid physical stature as well.

Descended from the family of Jacques Cartier, Sir George inherited many of the characteristics of his famous prototype. Fearlessness, broad-mindedness, tenacity of purpose, energy, were undeniably his. He was at the time of Confederation, the hero of Lower Canada and a man without whose support Sir John could never have accomplished his great work. A prominent barrister of the Capital, who often heard him speak, describes the ease and fluency of his delivery, its freedom from theatricisms, its compelling forcefulness. A bit long-winded at times was Sir George—he could speak six hours at a stretch in English and then lapse gently into his native tongue for another six. It has even been hinted, that, like some clergymen, he had not enough to say to be brief! But judging by the tributes paid him by his contemporaries, judging by the power he wielded over his constituents, I am inclined to think this is a libel. A long-winded man is apt to be tiresome, and a tiresome man could never have gained victories over the most formidable men in his province, men who like Dorion and Holton fought him tooth and nail. The Rouges, as the Liberals were called, opposed him to a man. Many of the English speaking politicians in Lower Canada were anti-British and not in favor of Confederation. Sir George fought his battles single-handed and carried all before him. He worked with an energy few men possess. Even his hair was energetic, standing up straight from his forehead like soldiers at attention. His eyebrows moving somewhat vigorously while he was speaking, seemed to

From the John Ross Robertson Historical collection

The Fathers of Confederation at the formation of the Dominion of Canada, July 1, 1867

be constantly on the *qui vive*. His whole being was alert. He was offered the C. M. G. at the time Sir John was knighted, and he refused it; some say because of jealousy of his leader, others that his French colleagues persuaded him that the lesser honor was intended as a slight to their nationality. At any rate for a short time, there was a coolness between Sir John and Sir George, until Lord Monck put matters straight, by recommending the latter for a baronetcy, which was accepted. That Sir George was an eminently simple-living man without "swank" or "side" is proven by the fact that he had to borrow money on his personal note with which to pay the necessary fees at the time of accepting his baronetcy.

What Cartier accomplished in the Lower Province, George Brown brought about in Upper Canada. "The foremost champion at a critical moment," he has been described, by many who praised him for the support of his quondam opponent. That he hated Sir John with a consistent bitterness, is not only seen through the columns of *The Globe* which he owned and edited, but by many occurrences which still linger in the memories of those about us. For example, Brown and Sir John were not on speaking terms for a number of years. When Brown decided to cast his lot with the Confederationists and support Sir John, the two men met in the centre of the House—neither crossing to the side led by the others!—then they dined together, went about together in public places, played euchre together when they crossed the Atlantic (this last seems to have been the acid test of friendship!) ,and in England attended many social functions together. Yet, on the day after the Hon. George Brown resigned, the two men resumed their old antagonistic positions and ceased to speak.

The man who brought Upper Canada into line, who renounced his party and his friends for a cause in which he believed, was not a statesman, but he was the stimulus Sir John Macdonald needed. Brown's very antagonism urged him to greater accomplishments —not that he had not a wholesome respect for his opponent's ability. This, in the framing of the seventy two resolutions, considered at Quebec, was particularly evidenced in arranging financial matters.

Sir John had a powerful ally in the Hon. D'Arcy McGee, "the orator of the movement." As a speaker, he had no superior and but one equal—the Hon. Joseph Howe, Sir Charles Tupper's formidable antagonist.

Mr. McGee was an Irishman with an adventurous disposition and a romantic past. He early developed the racial characteristic and stood at loggerheads with the Government, emigrating from the "island surrounded by a melancholy ocean," to New York. After some years of journalistic work there, he attracted the notice of O'Connell, who wrote asking him to return to Ireland, as one of the editors of a Dublin paper. The impetuousity of McGee's style proved more than his opponents could bear, and they forced him to take refuge in Scotland, from which place he fled to the United States, disguised as a priest. Coming to Canada, he made himself unpopular with the Fenian faction and was assassinated by one of their number, fortunately for the cause, *after* his work was accomplished and Confederation an established fact. It was to Mr. McGee that Sir John delivered his famous reproof on intemperance. . .

"McGee," said the Chief, solemnly, after a night of joyous revelry, "this Cabinet will not support two drunkards. . You will have to reform!"

Sir Leonard Tilley, who carried Confederation in his province, was, however, the real temperance advocate. As early as 1855 he had an Act passed "to prevent the importation and traffic in intoxicating liquors." Of course it was contested; the Ministry resigned and eventually the law was repealed. In spite of which, no one, however celebrated, was served other than mild beverages at Government House, and Sir Leonard carried St. John at the next election and was returned as Governor of the Province!

Speaking of temperance reminds one of the rise Sir Richard Cartwright got out of Sir John in the House one day.

Sir Richard remarked that he understood a certain Mr. Collins had immortalized himself by writing a life of Sir John.

From the John Ross Robertson Historical collection
Sir George Etienne Cartier, the hero of Lower Canada at the time of the Confederation

"No," interposed the other," he has immortalized me."

"His work," continued Sir Richard, "will no doubt, be greatly appreciated by the hon. gentleman's friends, because I observe that all the acts of his career, so grossly misrepresented by evil-minded persons, are now attributed to the purest of motives. . . . It is a happy association of ideas that a gentleman who in his life has done justice to so many John Collinses, should at last find a John Collins to do justice to him!"

The Minister of Justice in Sir Wilfrid's first Cabinet was one of the Fathers of Confederation—Sir Oliver Mowat. A picture of him in his early youth comes down to us from no less a source than Sir John, himself, to whose office he applied as apprentice. "There came. . . one day a chubby little lad, with large, prominent eyes and a methodical manner of speaking, stating that he wanted to study law."

Young Oliver accomplished his desire, and did such credit to Sir John, that years afterward, the Premier of Ontario vanquished the Premier of the Dominion in several legal battles! It is a mistake to suppose that Sir John was a brilliant student and rose to the height of his profession in leaps. He suffered innumerable failures, such as are never recorded against Sir Oliver Mowat. Indeed, Sir John lost so many of the cases he was defending that a certain lawyer satirically suggested making him Prosecuting Attorney—"You are sure to send them to gaol, John!" he said.

Sir Charles Tupper outlived all the other Fathers of Confederation. At ninety two, he was an amazingly energetic old man; at ninety three the double anxiety caused by the outbreak of the war and the illness of his little grandson, broke even his indomitable spirit. His death was the occasion for such universal mourning as the Province has never seen. To the State House at Halifax where his body lay, thronged crowds of people; people of all walks in life, all creeds, political and religious; people of all colors and nationalities. . . Indians and negroes, drawn there to pay their last respects, by something much deeper than curiosity.

Sir Charles had been for many years the foremost man in Nova Scotia and people are wont to say,

"Oh, yes, So-and-So is all right, but we will never have another like Tupper!"

A silent man in social gatherings, unheard of as an after-dinner speaker, a failure as a raconteur, Sir Charles loosed all the floods of his oratory on the floor of the House. He had a remarkable memory and a voice "like thunder." He was frequently called the "Fighting doctor," and the "Old War Horse of Cumberland."

At the very outset of his long and honored career, he exhibited a fine self-effacement which was the key-note o his interest in "the cause." After fighting one of the bitterest politica' battles in Canada's history, after experiencing the humiliation of seeing every county save his own turn against the Government he represented, after vanquishing the redoubtable Howe, at last, and earning a high reward—Dr. Tupper relinquished his right to a seat in the first Cabinet that it might be given to another claimant from his province, and thus relieve Sir John of a very keen embarrassment. This same sacrifice was made by the Hon. D'Arcy McGee.

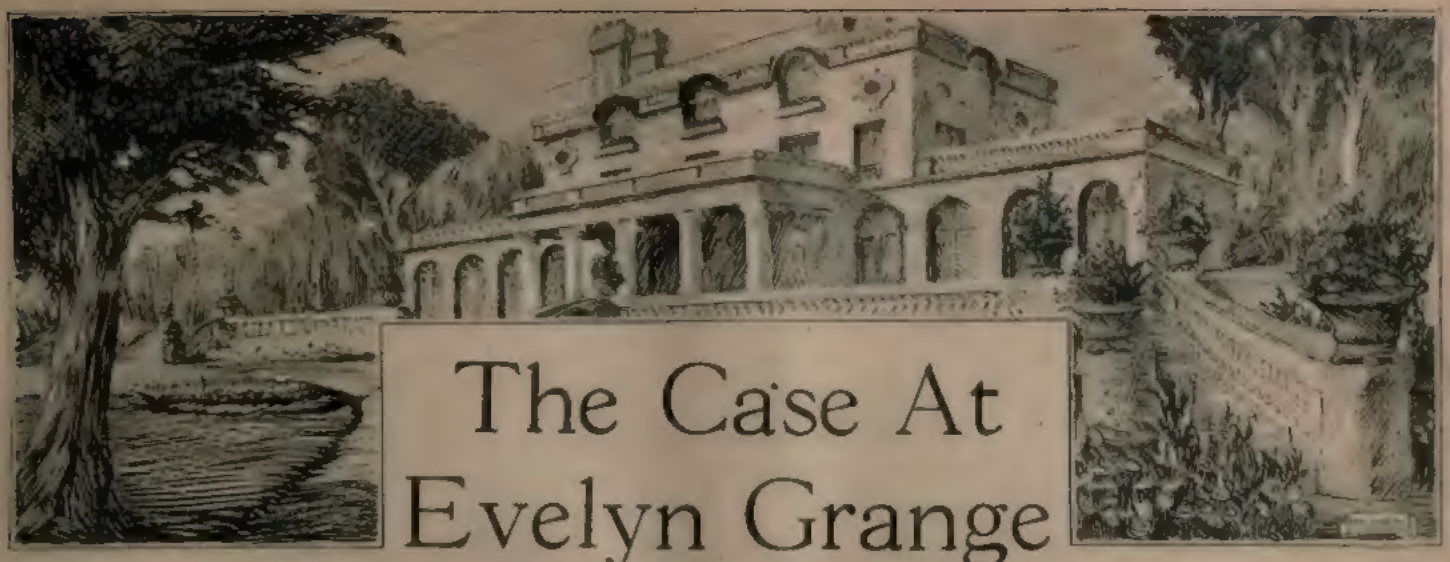
Sir Mackenzie Bowell is about the last of the Old Guard who was engaged in building the foundation of the Dominion. He is ninety-four, with a constitution that a man half his years might envy. Travelling back and forth from his Belleville home to his place in the Senate, causes him no inconvenience and when the monotony of that journey palls, he takes a real jaunt to Toronto.

Sir Mackenzie has not lacked interests in his life. He wore a pen behind his ear, a rifle on his shoulder and a political toga with equal ease. Not all at once—he would have been overdressed and he abhors ostentation. But he started out in life as an apprentice in a printing office, rising to the post of editor and proprietor of that paper—the Belleville Intelligencer. On the American frontier, he carried a rifle, having assisted in raising a company of which he was ensign. His rank was that of Colonel by the time he opposed the Fenian raids, and it is worth remarking that his love of soldiering has not burnt itself out. He was the first to offer to enlist in the Forestry Battalion, arguing that "he could swing an axe with any man!"

A member of Sir John's Cabinet, in '78 as Minister of Customs, he was elected by acclamation. Next, he tackled the portfolio of Militia, under Sir John Abbott; he organized the department of Trade and Commerce, and was Minister in the Thompson Administration. He also organized the Colonial Conference, after originating it. Sir Mackenzie enjoyed the discomforts of a Prime Minister for a short space, led the Government in the Senate, and led the Opposition in the Senate.

And to-day, when the fulness of his years might argue a desire for the inactivity which some call peace, Sir Mackenzie exudes a fine forcefulness and power. He accepts with enthusiasm or protests with rousing vigour, the motions which come before the Upper House. Seeing him, one has to forgive the pessimists for complaining, that the country does not produce such men now.

From the John Ross Robertson Historical collection
Sir Etienne Pascal Tache, one of the celebrated Canadian Political leaders prior to confederation



The Case At Evelyn Grange

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW SERIAL STORY WRITTEN AROUND THE TANGLED WEB OF EVIDENCE CONNECTED WITH THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF THE LAWDON JEWELS

By E. W. Grant

Illustrated by Marcel Olis

EVELYN GRANGE is one of the show places of Long Island. It occupies a hill crest commanding the great Hempstead plain, made beautiful by its fine graduations of distance and color. To the left lies the wooded rolling country of Wheatley Hills, and but a few motor miles away the blue waters of the Sound indent the Island's shore. The house—a vast edifice of pale red brick with white trim—possesses terraces bordered by marble balustrades, descending in steep succession: each a giant step of flowers, divided down the middle by a marble staircase alternating with pebbled pathways. The right wing of the mansion is devoted to the luxurious housing of its guests. The left wing contains the servants' quarters and the necessary array of kitchens. Detached buildings for squash and bowls offer exercise and pleasure for dark and sullen days. In the distance the great bulk of the stables lies shrouded in huge trees, whence a faint yapping from the crowded kennels is almost always audible.

It was Wendham's first visit to the Grange, and, as he drove up the long, leaf littered road in the gathering dusk, he was unprepared for the imposing structure that met his sight. "Really," he said to Mrs. Lawdon, who had arrived on the same train, and sat beside him enveloped in chinchilla and grey veils, "a title should go with it. Doesn't seem the proper thing for just a plain, Mister, does it?"

"Do you think anything is too fine for the American gentleman?" she answered.

Wendham was glad that the growing dusk hid his smile. "Really, I wasn't quite serious about it," he answered, "and I've been away so long, you see, that I've grown continental."

She nodded. "Charlie told me you'd been in Europe—how long—four years, wasn't it?"

"Four years," he echoed thoughtfully, "and what changes!"

"And Charlie married!—you got our cards, didn't you? It seems to me they were sent to Vienna or somewhere like that."

"Yes, I received them—about six months ago."

"Then there's the Boskwith divorce—that must have surprised you—and Nellie Gaynor's a widow now, you know."

She paused abruptly, suddenly recalling the gossip that linked Boyd Wendham's hasty departure with the marriage of the lovely Nellie. "Doesn't look heartbroken," she commented to herself, as she turned to examine his appearance under cover of admiring the passing landscape. She saw a strong-featured, keen-eyed man of powerful build, whose hair, though prematurely grey, did not age his appearance, chiefly because of the boyish sparkle of his unusually handsome eyes, and the affectionate humor of his flexible mouth—"Decidedly handsome," thought Mrs. Lawdon, with a dab at the gilt fringes of her hair. "I wonder why she didn't take him—they say old Gaynor was a pill." Aloud she said, "Mrs. Gaynor's to be one of this house party. Did you see her abroad? She was over there more than a year after Mr. Gaynor died."

"No, I didn't happen to see her in Europe. My specialties—I'm a physician, you know—kept me in Vienna, but I'm looking forward to renewing an old friendship. I've had a glimpse of her, of course, since I've been back, but only for a moment." He spoke so naturally that Mrs. Lawdon was disappointed. He glanced at his companion, wondering how that astute cotillion butterfly Charlie Lawdon had ever been so "let in." The whole surface of their world had been rippled by the plunge of this particular little clod into its distilled and filtered depths. There was no denying Mrs. Lawdon's gaudy and perfumed plebeianism.

"Do you know Mrs. Evelyn well?" she asked abruptly. "I've only met her once or twice but they're old friends of yours aren't they?"

"They are two of the best I have," he answered. "Cass and I were college mates—and Patty, oh well, I remember her with long red silk legs and short brown silk braids," he laughed reminiscently. "She was a funny child, always tired; she was born tired—but, here we are; let me help you."

The carriage drew up before the main entrance, whose white columns seemed vast in the soft electric illumination from the dull glass globes guarding the doorway. The footman rang the bell and returned for Wendham's simple suitcase and Mrs. Lawdon's elaborate traveling impedimenta. The rest of her collection was in charge of her maid, due later in the servants' trap. A

large hat trunk, however, she had insisted should accompany her; indeed the valued millinery must not be out of her sight, and with difficulty it had been installed, to the detriment of the speckless knees of the footman, who now deposited it resentfully upon the verandah.

The door swung open, revealing the subdued, rich tones of the interior, where the glow of antique velvets, heavy with tarnished embroideries, met the eye. Grape-wound torsion columns of the Spanish renaissance formed the doorways, while a dreamy-eyed madonna in the brocade and jeweled robes of the sixteenth century smiled from a canvas that filled the wall space by the stairs; two macaws, of ostentatious plumage, swung in gilded rings, adding a final touch of old world eccentricity.

The new arrivals entered and a moment later Mrs. Evelyn, in a teagown, was extending languid greetings. Evelyn, however, made up in heartiness for his wife's tepid cordiality. "Nobody minded Patty, anyway; it was just her way." Mrs. Lawdon, not being familiar with her hostess's peculiarities, at once took umbrage. Only the joy of being within the Evelyns' exclusive portals prevented her from immediate rudeness. She contented herself with a mental note to "get even," and noisily devoted herself to Mr. Evelyn and Alice Rawlins, who entered in her cross-country riding trousers, high boots and gray frock coat, as alert and vigorous as a young Amazon.

"Hello, Kate, have some tea, have a highball? Pat, there, will never think to ask you. Better warm up a bit before we go to 'red up,' as the countries say. Oh, Boyd, it's bully to meet you again. Of course Cass looked out for you—I see it in your eye. But it takes the new woman to look out for herself. What, ho! James! What's yours, Kate — tea? James, take Mrs. Lawdon's furs, and send them up to the blue suite. It is the blue suite, isn't it, Patty? And send Mrs. Lawdon's maid and things there when they come. And Nellie—see who's here—Boyd Wendham! Arise and make salaamings."

A tall, slender, white-clad woman rose from behind the elaborate tea-table where she had been presiding, and advanced cordially. "Oh, Boyd!" she exclaimed, "it is good to see you." Her lovely, high-bred face lost its cameo whiteness in a soft flush of pleasure, while her dark, heavily-ringed eyes lighted as from within. Wendham took her extended hand, and the old emotion that the years had not lessened, flooded his heart once more. "Mrs. Gaynor," he stammered, "this is indeed a pleasure." She laughed reprovingly. "*Mrs.* Gaynor, is it, *Dr.* Wendham? Dear me, have we had a quarrel? I was unaware of it."

Before he could answer, Mrs. Evelyn had recalled her duties as hostess.

"Oh, you haven't met Mrs. Gaynor have you, Mrs. Lawdon? Dear me, how remiss of me," she drawled. "Meet each other, do."

Mrs. Lawdon's heart warmed. She forgave her hostess's apparent aloofness for the sake of this most desirable introduction. But before she was able to do more than bow cordially and take breath for an appropriate speech, the prize was removed by the doctor's prompt seizure of the lady's attention.

Once more Mrs. Lawdon devoted herself to Alice and Cass Evelyn.

Wendham and Mrs. Gaynor had become absorbed in talk. Every moment her charm took stronger hold upon him, but he could not but note her nervous, strained condition, the tell-tale pallor, and the bruised, sleepless setting of her over-brilliant eyes.

"I wish I'd never studied medicine, when I see you, Nellie; it makes me worry about you. What in the world have you been doing?

"Oh, nothing much—I suppose you know I've gone in for racing a good deal." He looked at her in surprise. "Oh," she added hastily, "I had to make my living, and I was left part owner of a racing stable when my husband died. I've been very successful, didn't you know? I'm very busy and my correspondence alone is enough to wear me out."

"That reminds me,' he said abruptly, "I was entrusted with something for you. Let me give it to you now, before I forget it." From an inner pocket he drew forth a thin, foreign-stamped letter. "It came while I was with the Mortimers, and Calvin forget to remail it. I was entrusted with it as a sort of object lesson to forgetful husbands."

Mrs. Gaynor received the letter and looked at the address. She paled; her eyes sought his face in a swift glance.

"You heard what Mrs. Gaynor said; the servants shouldn't see these things"

"I v'e been robbed—my diamonds—my emeralds—my ruby! They're gone, I tell you!"

"No, not for me, after all," she said, laughing unreasonably. "And not a spot left on which to re-address! I must enclose it, I suppose. Forget it for a week, at least, because I haven't an envelope to fit. You know how it is. I'm sure I don't know why I allow my friends to make such a nuisance or a convenience of me." She thrust the letter securely into her belt.

"Good nature is hard on its possessor," he answered. "Your friend, by the way, has a name very familiar to me, but I can't place it."

Mrs. Gaynor's eyes narrowed. "You don't recall where you met her? Abroad, perhaps; I knew her there—a sort of nomad. She's traveling out West now. You see," she added nervously, "any important mail, remittances and things, she had ordered sent to me, and I forward as she advises—but it's rather a burden."

"Your description doesn't help me," he mused. "And, after all, I'm rather rude to inquire into your friend's affairs."

"Not at all—nothing is rude between old friends." She smiled upon him her old brilliant smile of conquest. He was suddenly elevated to the dizzy height of close companionship. Her manner included him in her chosen circle. The name of her strange correspondent vanished from his mind, and he was conscious only of the compelling magnetism of her presence.

The tete-a-tete was of short duration, however; Evelyn, whiskey and soda in hand, joined them.

"Well; Wendham, so you're just from the Mortimers. Are they over their excitement yet? Pat tells me they've almost given up entertaining since the robbery. That's foolish; nobody blames them, and if Mrs. Treadwell will tour the provinces attired as the human grab-bag, she can't expect her hosts to supply her with a bodyguard. I told her that when she was here."

"She didn't seem much put out, I noticed," said Alice from across the room. "She had on a new pearl rope that was first cousin to a cable."

"Near-pearls," said Mrs. Evelyn, scornfully.

Mrs. Lawdon entered the conversation at high pitch. "That's what I think, Mrs. Evelyn. If a person *has* good things, for heaven's sake *wear* them!" She fingered her sapphire lorgnette chain till it flashed in the lamplight. "My husband is always after me to have replicas, but I do think that sort of thing is the very height of bad taste, don't you?"

"You ought to see Kate out for bear," said Alice to Mrs. Gaynor. "If Sally Treadwell is the human grab-bag, Kate is the only original Christmas tree."

"Alice!" said the hostess reprovingly. But far from being offended, Mrs. Lawdon was charmed. "Dear me, I haven't so very much. Charlie has been awfully nice, and he knows I love pretty things, but really——"

"Well, all I ask," said Alice, rising to kick a rug into place, "is that you'll let me have them to play with, with my very own hands. I've never forgotten you as the Queen of Sheba at Mrs. Todd's costume dinner. No one talked of anything else for the week after—That reminds me, Pat, the Todds telephoned over to know who was going to the races to-morrow and what your plans were—said something about letting you have their extra motor if yours was still out of order."

"Oh, thanks," said Mrs. Evelyn. "Of course Nellie and Dr. Wendham will go and Mrs. Lawdon and Charlie, if he comes. Madge will be over from the Lesbys with us——"

"Which means that I stay at home," interrupted Alice. "I would be smothered by the same gasoline. How I hate that little moth-eaten, fan-eared, washed-out, forked-tongued gossip."

"Very well," Mrs. Evelyn agreed imperturbably. "With me, that makes six. Our little motor will take four and the rest can go in the Todds'. Alfred," she called to a passing servant, "ring up Mrs. Todd and tell her Mrs. Evelyn will be very glad to have the

use of her motor to-morrow. That's all settled," she sighed, as though the most weighty issue of international affairs had at last been decided.

"What kind of a card have they got?" asked Alice, somewhat chagrined by the prompt acceptance of her resignation, and addressing herself to Mrs. Gaynor.

"Very fair." Nellie moved from Dr. Wendham's side toward the central group. "Ventador, for the first race. Miller up, Bay Side and Quarterly ought to make a good finish. But if you want a ten-to-one shot play Trident in the fourth. I think awfully well of him; he's been doing great work."

The very simplicity of her manner and voice as she spoke hurt Wendham—the revolt in him of his Puritan ancestry at this manifestation of the emancipation of the modern woman.

"Trident, that's Billy Lough's old skate. He sold him for a song. Whose tip are you playing?" Evelyn asked.

"Sold for a song because Billy doesn't know a horse from a mowing machine, and because Stacy does. He's part owner now, for one thing, and any one knows that Stacy isn't buying skates—except for his ice pond." Alice's voice had a ring of defense and Evelyn laughed good-humoredly.

"Of course, if Stacy has given Nellie the tip, there's nothing more to be said. Aren't you jealous, Alice, that Nellie knows as much of Stacy's affairs as you do?"

Alice Rawlins buried her nose in her glass and grunted a most unladylike disapproval. "I like a man to know his own business thoroughly, and Stacy does," she replied.

"One for you," said Wendham to his host.

"Who is this Stacy?" inquired Mrs. Lawdon.

"Stacy," answered Evelyn with a grin at Miss Rawlins, "is Laughton's right hand horseman and Alice's right hand—er—groom—at her bridle—ouch Alice, don't whack my fingers. He's a brick, anyhow."

Mrs. Gaynor sat down wearily, passing her hand across her brow with a gesture of distress. "Dear me," she exclaimed, "how tired I am! I didn't believe I could be so tired. I really must take a vacation in bed soon."

"Well," observed Mrs. Evelyn, "it's your own fault a dozen times over. Fancy, Alice, she's so attached to that silly little maid of hers——"

"That silly little maid, as you call her," interrupted Mrs. Gaynor, "had the devotion to stay with me through thick and thin when I couldn't pay her wages, and she was in wretched health besides."

"Which is no excuse for your rubbing her head for her when she has neuralgia, and every time you do it exhausts you. Did you ever hear of anything so foolish? Hire a masseur for her if you want to. You tire yourself, and it's undignified."

Nellie shrugged expressively—and moved toward the staircase. Wendham followed her—"Just a word," he said gently. "Let down the strings of the violin if you would keep its tone."

Have You Told Us?

Why you like your part of Canada best?—Last month the readers of Canada Monthly were urged to send us sketches of from 300 to 500 words telling why they liked their part of Canada. Many replies have been received from all over the Dominion and we have found them interesting and instructive. We want more of these letters. Write now and tell us why you prefer to live in your part of Canada. The best of these sketches will be printed in early issues of this Magazine for each of which we will pay the authors five dollars. Address

THE EDITOR
Canada Monthly,
Toronto, Ontario.

II.

Mrs. Lawdon put down her book and smiled a flattered welcome as Mrs. Gaynor sank into a wicker verandah chair—for Mrs. Lawdon, though pretty and blessed with her share of the world's goods compared with the shares of numerous others not so fortunate, fully realized that she was far from gracing that inner circle of society to which Nellie Gaynor's multiple charms added lustre. Here was a golden opportunity to secure a valuable acquaintance in the half hour or more before dinner would be announced.

"I am surprised you didn't go to the races, Mrs. Gaynor," she remarked, sure that this opening must lead to further conversation.

The lady smiled. "Yes, 'Alice-sit-by-the-fire' hardly seems my role, does it? To-day should have been Alice-sleep-by-the-fire. The truth is that for once in my life I was too tired." She leaned her rippled golden head against the cushions and half closed her eyes. Deep weariness was stamped on her perfect features.

Mrs. Lawdon took notice, wondering whether sympathy would be resented, or if good form required her to assure the sufferer of her unaltered loveliness. She decided upon the latter.

"Tired! One would never believe it. You are positively radiant!" she exclaimed with enthusiasm.

Nellie opened her eyes; a smile flickered upon her lips. "You are too kind," she murmured. "And you, don't you care for racing?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" cried Mrs. Lawdon, hastening to resent the imputation that so fashionable a sport was not to her liking. "I love it, but I felt as if I'd caught cold last night—you know that cold drive from the station—so that I feared to sit on the clubhouse lawn, and there's no use being inside.

"Mr. Evelyn executed my card." Mrs. Gaynor shifted slightly. "You see I've made it quite a business. When my husband died his estate was heavily involved, so I took over the stable after I came back from Europe."

"Yes, indeed!" cried Mrs. Lawdon, delighted with the intimate tone of the conversation. "I heard so much of you before I met you, you know. You're quite a plunger. Charlie told me you took twenty thousand out of the Metropolitan Handicap one year, and no one knew until afterwards that you had such a heavy interest."

"Oh, not so much as that," Nellie laughed. "No one knew, because my two biggest bets were 'on the side.'" Mrs. Gaynor touched a string of pearls clasped by a scintillating ruby and diamond snap. "Part of that killing went into this. But, dear me, they would hardly interest you. I'm going to ask you to let me see your jewels some day. Your emeralds are simply astonishing, I hear."

The little parvenu flushed with pleasure. "Would you care to, really? Then why not now? Alice wants to see them, too. She has just finished dressing. Come up to my sitting room and I'll send for her." She rose fluttering. Mrs. Gaynor followed languidly. A touch upon the electric bell brought Mrs. Lawdon's maid, who was despatched in search of the energetic Miss Rawlins. "You know," twittered the hostess of a moment as the two ladies settled themselves in Mrs. Lawdon's sitting-room, "it's really an awful responsibility, all this stuff, and since the affair at the Mortimers, when

Continued on page 164.

Lord o' Land

A NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES ON WESTERN LIFE AND TYPES

By Janey Canuck

I.—COUNTRY MUSIC

"So come, I pray you, since the way and the day be yours as well as ours, and let me make country music."—THEOCRITUS

THE Padre did not really want me to go for this fortnight drive to the back settlements. Indeed, he plainly said so for this was to be a business trip. He was going to travel light, and travel fast, and well, he was not going to have anyone—meaning me—who would waste time making friends with the people he might be called upon to abuse before he was through with them.

And then, because I did not argue, or beg to go, he felt vastly uncomfortable, not understanding so unusual and so remarkable a phenomenon.

And he said with honey-mouthed voice, "You wouldn't have anything to eat but salt pork, and like as not you would fall ill."

"The roads will be rather rough too. This is the time of the year farmers 'improve' them with sods from the ditch."

"No sensible person would want to be eaten up by mosquitoes, and bull-dog flies and red ants."

"There are almost sure to be torrents of rain," he went on speaking quickly to cover my ominous silence.

"Yes, said I, in perfect agreement "and this being such a dry season, I would keep that much rain from soaking into the soil."

You would wish me, Curious Reader, to tell you what he replied, but I will not do so. You would refuse to believe it of him, and would say I made it up. Besides, where would be the use when his remarks contained a full and unqualified permission.

AND this was how I came to go along —I who love the sunshine, my lover, the [illegible] of wide spaces, and the good [illegible] of life.

Oho! and Oho! Why should I stay in town, I who only know the songs of the country? Why should anyone stay in a town which puts lines in her face; hardens her eyes; which spurs her feet and bridles her tongue?

Come then with me, Comrades all! This is your day as well as mine. Let us away from this roll of truck and tramway, from these long pavements like white hot ribbons. Let us turn our faces from these cut-out streets with their heavy threat of crossings, and from the furious factories with their drab-faced people. Come, for the meadowlark is up, and there is a song in the woodways—I think it is a wind song—that is like the melody of plucked strings.

Oho! and Oho! here is the half-real land where all the playthings come alive. Here it is we make believe that Puck the pickle, and Pan the piper, are the right high kings of the country.

. . . . . You never saw so many blackbirds as there are this morning. They float on the air like autumn leaves set louse from a tree. The Padre disagrees with me and says they are merely illustrating the postulates of Euclid that, given certain circumstances, a circle may be described from any centre. Further, they are demonstrating the general axiom that if equals be added to equals, the whole are equal. In this I can see that he is finely right for, even as you look, they separate into pairs and, wing-to-wing, flutter forth with a fond foolery that is almost human

Nearly every sleugh is ploughed with droves of mallards and green-winged teal which might be shot handily. They are toad-throated birds and, like as not, the pestered muskrat drags them to death by their webbed feet just to be rid of their odious croaking. It is said there are plenty of people who feel the same way about bag-pipes

We could have talked a long time to this man for we perceived that he was both good and wise

SPEAKING of these muskrats, they are vastly more sensible than people credit them, and their psychology has too long been overlooked by us white folk. I say "white folk" advisedly, for the Indians have long known that the muskrat is that mannerly-minded fellow who dived into the primal [illegible] and carried up mud in his mouth with which he built the island called the world. Besides, he is a beaver in all but size and tail, and as such should be amiable to our eyes.

Our road this morning cuts through a [illegible] that is a study of white and green Against the dark spruce trees, the white poplars stand out in bunches or cliques while, here and there, one catches glimpses of cherry trees in full bloom. The real mission of the wild cherry is not fruit, as some have thought, but the white handkerchief it waves from the hillside at the passing traveller after the friendly manner of the countryside

The berries, too, are in blossom, but one must pluck their twigs of flowers with forced fingers. The Padre calls this a "provision of Nature" to save for folk the unplanted harvests of the North

On the edge of a [illegible] pull the blowing tassels of [illegible] grass and the brass-bright mar[illegible]

The man and woman who see their own broad acres (their own, mind you) their cattle and horses; their granaries and garden—ah, well! this is a joy that some folk forget in their reckoning

We stay here till almost we are marigolds too

The sun has become so hot this last hour or two that the day seems to have horns, and we are glad to turn into a homestead for coolness and for food. The house-mother is plucking a live gander. She has pulled a stocking over his head to prevent his biting her, and to silence his uncivil tongue. This may have been the origin of the expression, "to pull wool over his eyes." The woman says these are "live feathers and will bring a higher price.

We have a fragrant meal of bacon and eggs with a dish of maccaroni and cheese, and another of pickled gherkins. And Madam cooks a pan of cakes which she has mixed with flour and clotted cream and which are fit food for a banquet revel. It is plainly evident that no woman who is stingy can be a good cook. For this reason it is to be deduced that an irreligious person must be a better cook than a Christian, in that Christians are notably thrifty.

Madam's husband, a strong-necked, well-looking man is loading fat bags of barley into a wagon. He does not think the grain will grade high, the seed this year, having been rather poor and planted late. He tells us other [illegible] tragedy of which was summed up centuries ago by old Virgil; "Often in the furrows to which we have committed the large barley, unhappy darnel and barren oats prevail."

THIS farmer still has bins of up-piled wheat which he has not marketed, but why he does not say. With the present prevailing war-prices the farmers hereabout seem to keep nothing but the law. Perhaps, the holding of this grain gives him a sense of pleasant [illegible] like a balance at the bank, a jar of nuggets and things like that, or [illegible] he has just the insuperable rural dread of paying his debts. This man says if you plant wheat on the north side of your house, it will raise the temperature from 15 to 20 degrees, while alfalfa lowers it to the same degree. He also says that alfalfa is a child of the sun; that it will not stand "wet feet," and when young is not a good fighter. It must have a nurse crop to get a stand, because the soil must be innoculated with the alfalfa bacteria. It should be cut in early bloom, and is prime food for the fattening of hogs. Alfalfa is related to the clovers, peas and beans, and its name is an Arabic one meaning "the best fodder." We could have talked a long time to this man for we perceived that he was both good and wise, but our horses being in-spanned, we had no excuse in further detaining him.

Most of the houses in this district are unpainted and cling to the ground like grey barnacles. These are often built of willow lumber which soon warps, and which is poor in texture. But, after all, the farmer may [illegible] with that old English writer (one Slancy) who believed his country was becoming degenerate when they began to use oak instead of willow, and said in his wrath that whereas houses were formerly of willow and men of oak, nowadays, matters were reversed and the houses were oak and the men willow.

Some few of the houses are protected by a stand of poplars which prevents the wind blowing where it lists. The Padre is pleased to see [illegible]thing classic in these trees and tells me a pleasant story to the effect that they really surround the well, and not the house. It appears the Grecians planted sacred poplars circlewise at the well which was built by Ithacus, and there was an altar by this well (but secretly I believe it was a house) where the wayfarer made offering because of the shade and refreshment.

Some writers have much to say about the loneliness of the farmer's wife in this Province and of the terrifying distances that lie between her and the world but, as a general thing, this loneliness only exists in the imagination of the writer. Nearly every farmer's wife is at least half happy, for life on these steadings has compensations known only to the woman herself She is busy; she is in love; she is full-fed,and she is healthy. The high cost of living does not worry her, nor the fact that her coat is last year's style. She has no rent, waterworks, or electric light bills to pay, and nothing to buy but tea, sugar and spices, for her mate-man is that magician who sings the trees to houses; the meadows to butter and meat; the loam to bread and fruit.

The man and woman who see their own broad acres (their own, mind you) their cattle and horses; their granaries and garden—ah well! this is a joy that some folk forget in their reckoning. This must have been what their poet meant when he said,

"No go we in content
To liberty and not banishment."

BUT while we are musing over rural life, the air is becoming hotter and there is almost a sound to the sunlight. The steam rises from the horses as if from a boiling pot. In every woodway myriads of flies and pestiferous mosquitoes attack them but, sometimes tiring of horse flesh, they take a snack off me. Although they are marvellously many, each has an infamous individuality of her own and anyone can see they have been born grown up, with wing and sting ready for instant use. In every paddock we pass, the cattle have gathered around acrid smelling smudges from which there bellies clouds of protective smoke, but from the constant swishing of long tails, it is apparent the mosquitoes are not seriously discommoded. Yes, after all, we must acknowledge there is a fly in rural life, but it is not loneliness or anything like that.

After awhile, we come to the "C'mercial Hotel" where the ostler rubs down the horses with wisps of straw. The Padre goes to his business, while I wander off to see friends at the Convent and Mission School, and to tell them the town gossip. In this school, they teach reading and spelling to the orphans, and to the little Cree children here assembled, but the Sisters are not overly anxious about these studies, most of their time being devoted to gardening and to the worship of God. Sister Helena denies this charge in a voice that is a soft silver grey, and says I am a heretic and that my religion is a kind of graceful paganism known as polytheism. I hope she means nothing too wicked. In this place, anyone can see that Jesu' is really the Son of God, but he seems quite far away and rather pale, while Mary, the Mother of Infinite Mercy, is ever near to one's call. In the Cree language, the word *angel* is "a great servant," so that every little Indian maid who finds the woods and fields more attractive than the practise of what is known as industry, can hardly expect to become celestial

I was talking about this to Brother Bernard who has charge of the gardens, and he says I am wrong in thinking all the moral lessons are meant for girls in that the word *Jehovah* means "self sustaining," a fact which he has frequent occasion to explain to the male children of the Mission. This Brother Bernard, who is getting on in years knows beautiful stories about gardens, and about the things he plants. He says lettuce was one of the "bitter herbs" which the Jews ate with the pascal lamb, and that flowers like the feel of your fingers.

While the boys are dropping potatoes, or hoeing the soil, Brother Bernard, who is a wiry, firey little man, reads from *The Garden of the Soul*. This would seem a most appropriate out-of-doors' book. He reads it as he marches up and down with one hand in his girdle and the other holding open the leaves.

Jesus most patient,
Jesus most obedient,
Jesus, meek and humble of heart,

"Napoleon, I declare that you garden like a gawk. You are an addle-headed fellow. Your hills are too close together."

Jesus, lover of us,
Jesus, God of Peace,

"Louis, those onions were given you to plant, not to eat. . . . Poor but honest Louis, Poor but honest; they make no great showing, this team, but they work well. . . . they work well."

Jesus, example of virtues,
Jesus,

"Gaston, would you lie there and rub your shins all day? It was the evil Lucifer who fell never to rise again."

It is like this Brother Bernard talks to the boys as he walks to and fro reading this breviary, and I know that he should be in a book, or on the stage, or somewhere that the world might be acquainted with him.

ON the other side of the Mission, there is a hill covered with flowers and strawberries. The little Indian girls call them heart-berries and say they grow here because the eyes of the Great God have seen this hill. They also tell their own names, but these are so crippled with consonants I cannot remember them. The people hereabout need vowels more than anything else.

The girls desire to examine my watch which is "the sun's heart," and ask whether I live in Canada or have come from the place of warmth where Her Great Mightiness, the Queen, puts on a new dress every day. Other little girls play at building an altar to which they say "Mother, most amiable." They lay white flowers upon it, and a piece of wood which is the little box for the Lord's body.

You see it was like this: the north star stands still always, but once it wandered loose and led some people to where the little Lord Jesus was hidden away in straw. They found his nest, these people, but after awhile he was killed, this Good God, but the north star doesn't know and keeps on shining.

And Mary, the mother of our souls, hid Saint Jesus in a box, and this is what makes the altar at the Convent.

When these Little Indians are goodgrown they are going to be nuns and have black beads on a long chain. It is amiable to live at the convent where there is loaf-bread and sweet syrup every day. There are other things to eat but it sets their minds aching to remember them. One of them had a sore throat and the doctor cut the kernels (*) out of it. I could see that he did for she opens her mouth very wide to show me. She wished to cry loudly but Sister Pauline gave her a small metal. (†)

The children's [illegible] sits near-by mend-

(*) Cree for tonsils
(†) coin

Continued on page 155

Sir John A. Macdonald and Hon. George Brown

By R Goldwin Smith

FIFTY years ago our forefathers united the feeble, scattered provinces of British North America into what has become a mighty nation. Politically the various Crown dependencies, which now constitute the Dominion, were divided into two main camps, as they are this day. The splendid vision of Confederation, however, found the leaders of the opposing parties working shoulder to shoulder, and, as a result of their efforts, a Dominion was born that stretches from sea to sea and from the river unto the end of the earth

When viewing the events that led up to Confederation on July 1st, 1867 from the perspective of the present day, it is clearly seen that the glorious birth of our nation was the achievement of a group of distinguished and noble men. One man, however, was *primus inter pares*, and that was Sir John A. Macdonald, who, as First Minister of the Legislative Union of Upper and Lower Canada, fathered the ideal to its historic fruition.

THE premier father of Confederation has handed down to us in his valedictory, offered near the close of his career, what he considered his last great achievements, when he said: "With the Canadian Pacific finished, and my Franchise Bill become law, I feel that I have done my work and can now sing my *nunc dimittis*." Confederation had been a fact for twenty years, and next to that achivement the realization of these policies constituted the greatest moments of his eventful life.

Some people fail to see anything but the impossible in momentous state conceptions, but to statesmen all things are possible. For years before it became a fact, the Canadian Pacific Railway project, now the greatest railway in the world, was bitterly opposed, not only by opportunists, but by honest though nearsighted men. Even after the completion of the road "The Globe," George Brown's paper, mocked at the enterprise in this fashion: "The iron band of Confederation has been completed. . . . The salubrious Rocky and Selkirk ranges may now become a summer resort for the fashionable and crowded populations situated between Callander and Rat Portage. In short, the Canadian Pacific Railway has been opened. . . . For our own part, we have not the slightest doubt that the C. P. R. will be no less effective than the N. P. (Northern Pacific) in creating wealth for Canada. This will be amply proved by the spectacle of a railway 2,500 miles long operated on the strength of a traffic with about 150,000 people. Such a thing has never been tried before, and is unlikely ever to be tried again." (Globe, July 13, 1886.)

There were few inhabitants between the Ottawa and the Pacific Coast, but Sir John had the vision of a seer. He foresaw that, not only would the construction of the C. P. R., become the backbone of Confederation, but that it was destined to people the Dominion from sea to sea.

WHEN the first half of the past century was drawing to a close there was talk and even at [illegible] to secede from the mother country, and some went so far as to advocate annexation to the United States. It was then that Macdonald came out with his Imperial propaganda, which, with the exception of an element in Quebec, rallied the entire country to his side. He realized from the beginning that in uniting the provinces into one Dominion he was forging beyond breaking, the Imperial tie.

Sir John A. Macdonald

WHEN speaking with a venerable Liberal, who shared with George Brown many combats against Macdonald, the writer was told that, whereas George Brown was a real statesman, Macdonald was an opportunist. The outstanding facts of Macdonald's life appear to repudiate such an allegation. He could have ridden the "Protestant horse" with signal political success when George Brown was damning everything Catholic, but Macdonald remained true to his principles. Some will argue that he was playing for the French-Canadian vote, but why in that case did he boldly encounter the enmity of French Canada by allowing the execution of Louis Reil, after the latter's second murderous rebellion ?

The conception of a National Policy for the Dominion was fertilizing in Macdonald's brain from the early days of his parliamentary career. It took definite shape in the seventies and the year 1878 marked another triumphant epoch in his life. A tariff system was adopted on the strength of which Macdonald proposed to place Canada, industrially, on an independent and solid basis.

The inherent difficulties of the Legislative Union of the two Canadas, now Ontario and Quebec, sealed by the Act of Union in 1841, were beginning to crop up when John A. Macdonald entered parliament for the first time, but it appears to have been long before he came to realize that they were insurmountable. The impracticability of

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—the bitter political enemies who joined hands to make Confederation possible

AN atmosphere of mystery shrouded the invitation sent out by George Brown to some of his own colleagues and certain representative leaders of the Conservative party, asking them to meet in conference. It happened not long previous to the time, when Confederation began to take definite shape. John A. Macdonald, the First Minister of Upper Canada at the time, was one of those who received the invitation, and probably he was as mystified as George Brown was mysterous. As Brown entered the conference chamber, the group was carrying on a casual conversation, when Brown inquired as to whether it was their wish to make the conference open to the public and press, or to confer behind closed doors. John A. suddenly sat up, as if feeling by instinct that something momentous was going to break, and his curiosity was all the more intensified when he followed with his eyes, the tall figure of his resourceful and bitter political foe (Brown was six feet two in his stocking feet) as he strode with decisive steps to the further end of the chamber and locked the door. Brown returned to the table, putting the key in his pocket. "Gentlemen," he remarked, "you do not leave this room until this matter is settled." From that moment Confederation became at least a near possibility.

Hon. George Brown

THAT meeting, however, was symbolic of something else. It demonstrated the greatness of George Brown. In order to appreciate what that act cost him, one has but to read the annals of the preceding period and the files of "The Globe," of which Brown was the founder and editor. Macdonald's career in parliament and the career of "The Globe" began in 1844, and from that day until the latter was shot down in his newspaper office, except for the armistice pursuant to Confederation, he dogged Macdonald's steps with relentless hostility.

But strange to say, while each became to the other a "thorn in the flesh," and while their views and policies in numerous sundry things were as far apart as the poles, both were strong Imperialists and with each a union of all the Provinces of British North America was the ruling passion. Each was convinced that the Imperial tie could be most securely maintained by Union, and it was for these reasons that George Brown waived secondary policies and personal antagonism for a time and stood shoulder to shoulder with Macdonald to see Confederation through. Party antagonisms were hot in those days, much more so even than they are now, but Brown was more than a politician.

COULD Macdonald have realized Confederation without the help of Brown, or with Brown in opposition to the scheme? Well, he did not have to try. It was characteristic of John A. to have his way ultimately, but conditions were such that it would have been an infinitely more difficult task. In the first place, there had been a deadlock in the Legislative Assembly. The dead lock was partly due to the fact that both Canadas were equally represented in the house, and partly to a strong, well-organized Opposition, under the leadership of Brown. Overlooking the smaller policies that created the deadlock, Brown saw beyond the barrier the bright prospect of Confederation and he deliberately broke it up. That was the greatest moment of his life.

Surviving Liberals who were intimate followers of Brown are fond of calling him "Tribunus plebis," and probably he was just as much a tribune of the people as was John A. himself. Perhaps one of his most striking characteristics was his enmity towards any kind of privilege, and after all what better can be said of a man, than that he actively serves his people. This characteristic manifested itself in many ways Brown was a fighter. His venerable friends love to tell of three important achievements of his life, which, next to his part in Confederation itself, were his greatest. These were: (1) His successful attack against the "Seigneurial Tenure" system in Lower Canada; (2) His successful attack against the "Clergy Reserves"; (3) His successful fight for "Representation by Population."

WHILE Brown became First Liberal Minister in the coalition government, with Macdonald as Conservative colleague, for a brief period prior to Confederation, he was never Prime Minister. Nevertheless, he was the leader of his party during most of his public life. In fact, Macdonald monopolized the premiership most of the time. There was a reason for this. While his forceful personality, steadfast liberalism and unswerving loyalty to democratic principles commanded respect, Brown lacked the genius to win affection, that was a secret of Macdonald's political success. Like Macdonald, he had noble aims for Canada, and when the supreme test came, he waived prejudice, for a time, but in the rest of his political career he failed to give ground in small things. Not only was he incapable

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Politics and Politicians

SOME OF THE HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH ON PARLIAMENT HILL

By Tom King

THERE have been many movements of far-reaching consequence during the past month in the field of Canadian politics as there have been in the field of military operations on the Western front. But in either case one is surprised to see that more progress is not recorded on the map. A great deal has happened behind the scenes at Ottawa, yet little progress is shown upon the order paper of parliament. Writing in this column a month ago it seemed safe to predict that within a fortnight we would have a conscription law, and perhaps nation-wide prohibition. Yet now, in the middle of June, we have only progressed past the first reading of the conscription bill, and all indications at present are that the prohibitionists will have to be satisfied with partial legislation. The Dominion government is willing to implement Provincial legislation so as to enable any province to become bone dry. Up to date no province, except Prince Edward Island, entirely forbids the importation and consumption of liquor. A bill, of which notice has been given by the Minister of Justice, will put it up to every province to go further or remain where it is on the liquor question. The Dominion government will aid the provinces to bring about prohibition but will not take from them the responsibility for its enactment.

Conscription Now in the Open

PASSING for the present the question of food control, we come to the burning question of conscription. It is, of course, the chief topic of conversation, and will soon be the all-engrossing topic of debate in the House of Commons. Meanwhile it has been one of the subjects that, during the past month, has been mainly dealt with by the party leaders in more or less confidential conferences. It is the apple of discord for one of the great political parties, and is bound to be more or less in the public eye for a long time to come. Yet, until Sir Robert Borden introduced his bill on June 11th it had scarcely been referred to in the debates of parliament and very little was said in the press except in favor of the measure

MEANWHILE, almost unnoticed in the East, the Alberta elections have come and passed, with the triumphal return of Premier Sifton to power. Mr. Sifton gave up the chief justiceship of Alberta in 1909 to reorganize a badly bewildered government and a somewhat bewildering situation. He restored order out of chaos, and was able to successfully pilot his government through the hotly-contested elections of 1913. A year ago he was supposed to be in pretty deep water, but when the appeal to the country was made his opponents turned out to be disorganized and without financial or other assistance from their powerful friends at Ottawa. The Borden government for some reason took no part in the Alberta campaign, and therefore regards or professes to regard, the result of the election, as of no political consequence. Yet the Liberals, who may be more or less in need of consolation at this time, may certainly console themselves with the reflection that they have been successful in every provincial contest since the outbreak of the war. They have held their own in Manitoba, Nova Scotia, Alberta and Quebec, and have overthrown Conservative governments in New Brunswick and British Columbia. Thus, however handicapped they may be in the federal field by recent developments they find themselves entrenched in every provincial capital excepting Charlottetown and Toronto.

Farmers Trail With Grits

IT may be doubted whether federal issues cut much figure in the Alberta campaign. The Sifton government won because it has kept in close touch and on the most friendly terms with the farmers' organizations including the powerful United Farmers of Alberta. This is the policy which obtains at Winnipeg, Regina and Edmonton alike, and the three provincial governments work in close cooperation. In the Saskatchewan government, for example, three of the seven Cabinet Ministers are representative grain growers.

THERE seems to have been a reversal of form in the Alberta elections because the Liberals lost at Edmonton and the Conservatives in Calgary. Heretofore the Liberals had been strong in the north and the Conservatives predominant in the South. Another curious and significant fact was the failure to line up the English-speaking voters against the naturalized citizens of enemy origin. The Conservative candidates boldly advocated the policy of disfranchising every voter of German and Austrian birth. They forced the foreign vote to go solid for Sifton but were disappointed to find that the Britishers did not line up in solid phalanx in support of the Opposition. The English-speaking voters divided on their usual party lines.

THE next election is to be held in Saskatchewan on June 26th. Premier Martin is the heir and legatee of Hon. Walter Scott, who organized the provincial government in 1905. Generally speaking Saskatchewan and Alberta vote alike, but the Saskatchewan government has always had to contend with a more formidable Opposition

Conscription Is The Big Issue

THE result of the negotiations which finally ended in failure between Sir Robert Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier appears in the correspondence recently handed to the press. The rock upon which they split was the conscription bill, and yet the difference between them as disclosed by that correspondence would not appear to be insurmountable. Sir Robert Borden proposed that a coalition should be formed consisting of nine Conservatives and eight Liberals, with himself as Prime Minister; that the government thus formed should pass through parliament a conscription bill, and then appeal to the people for their approval by means of a general election. Conscription was not to go into effect until after such election, and in the unlikely event of the coalition government being defeated it might not go into effect at all. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, on the other hand, wanted the subject of conscrip-

tion to remain open until considered and passed upon by the coalition government, and not to be proceeded with in any event until the people had been consulted. That is to say, Sir Robert Borden was willing to pass a conscription bill subject to a popular vote, while Sir Wilfrid Laurier insisted that no conscription bill should be passed by parliament without popular direction first had and obtained.

Now, however, that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has refused to go into the coalition, Sir Robert Borden is free to enact conscription and put it into effect without waiting for the result of a general election. Indeed it might seem a wiser course to postpone the election until the excitement over conscription has died away. That is a matter for the politicians to decide. Some Conservatives are anxious to take as many Liberals as possible into the Cabinet and have the coalition government thus formed appeal to the country on the issue of conscription. One difficulty in the way seems to be the reluctance of many Liberal members who favor conscription to accept office under the Conservative administration. One way, out, of course, would be for the present government to seek and obtain an extension of office by extending the life of the present parliament.

Parliament Must Approve

OUR Canadian constitution consists of the Imperial statute known as the British North America Act of 1867. That Act crystalized the agreement arrived at between Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in the Quebec Conference of 1864. It has been the contract under which many other provinces have come into the Union. Being a statute of the British Parliament it can only be amended by the British parliament. No such amendment, of course, would be made excepting upon an address voted by the two houses of the Dominion parliament.

Heretofore every amendment made has been requested by unanimous vote of our parliament. Yet there is no reason to doubt that the British government would amend the B. N. A. Act if such amendment were requested by an overwhelming majority of the Canadian parliament; the vote would not have to be unanimous

A more difficult question would arise if eight provinces wanted the Constitution changed and the ninth province objected. Quebec has always jealously guarded the rights conceded to her by the B. N. A. Act, and would resent any infringement upon them.

Neither the Liberals nor the Tories are anxious for an election. That is the undoubted fact, no matter how loudly they protest to the contrary The Conservatives believe that conscription is right, and that posterity will commend their action, but they are uncertain as to what might happen in a general election. Conscription was defeated in Australia, where 98 per cent. of the people are of British birth, and

Hon. Arthur Sifton, who led the Liberals of Alberta to another victory

descent. In Canada only 60 per cent of our people are of British origin

Food Costs a Real Issue

AND then there is the high cost of living,—the grim skeleton that sits uninvited at the parliamentary feast Every day the pressure seems to become stronger, and yet we are now in the easiest part of the year. In summer time people can do without fuel, dispense with a certain amount of clothing, and get along with a good deal less to eat. School is out, the children are running barefoot and they do not have to round up every Tuesday morning with their contributions to the penny bank. The burden of living must be perceptibly lightened for the ordinary householder or housekeeper everywhere. But with the coming of fall and winter will there not be a change for the worse? High prices in the past have been scourges; in the future they may become scorpions. Coal at $20.00 a ton, and other pleasing prospects! The cost of living may be beyond the control of the government but none the less the government of the day will always be blamed for the high cost of living.

This is one of the reasons why Conservatives are not so keen as they might be for an election, and all the more so because polling can scarcely take place until the middle or last of October.

Under the legislation of 1915 the soldiers' ballots must be in the possession of the returning officers in Canada on the morning of the general election. Each soldier votes with own parliamentary district. He marks his ballot at the Front and that ballot is transmitted to the returning officer of the district in which the soldier is entitled to vote, whether that district be in Nova Scotia or British Columbia. The ballots, in order to be counted, must be back to Canada, and properly distributed before election day. It would therefore take at least two or three months to vote the soldiers and have their ballots in the hands of the proper returning officers. This would mean a long campaign, with a fall election, and in the meantime a good many things might happen.

Do Grits Want An Election?

GENERALLY speaking the party in power wants the shortest possible campaign. The government generally aims to make a sudden dash for the country and get back with the goods before the Opposition knows what has happened. But the necessity for polling the soldier vote (and it is a vote which the Borden government considers essential for its success) will necessitate a long drawn out campaign

BUT if the Conservatives are not eager for an election neither are the Liberals, just now sharply divided on the burning issue of conscription. Some of them feel that Sir Robert Borden scored in the recent *pour parlais*, and that the country will give him full credit for having offered to form a coalition government. English-speaking Liberals also fear that a certain feeling of resentment against Quebec will impair their chances outside of that province, and on the whole they are quite prepared to wait for a favoring tide instead of plunging headlong into the sea of an election

It may at any rate be safely predicted that if the Opposition to the conscription bill degenerates into anything like obstruction the government will sieze the opportunity to dissolve parliament and bring on an election

CANADA'S GREATEST NEED

DISTRIBUTION of population is one of the most far-reaching problems civilization has to face. The world is not over-populated, but its population is so unequally distributed that great social and economic difficulties have arisen. One of the causes of the present war was the increasing pressure of population in European countries The density of population throughout the land surface of the earth, omitting the Polar regions, is 32 persons per square mile. The density in the British Isles is 360 per square mile; in the United States 31, and in Canada 3 The future peace and safety of the world, not to speak of the happiness of individuals, demands that these inequalities be levelled. There seems to be no difference of opinion that after the war Canada will receive a great influx of population, and Canadian statesmen should already be preparing plans to care for that influx. It is generally recognized that Canada's development as a whole can only keep pace with the development of her agricultural resources, and any great movement of population to the cities and industrial centres, which is not balanced by a corresponding movement to the land, will have disastrous results. Canada can provide homes and support for probably one hundred million people—on condition that the great majority of them become producers on the soil. She cannot provide for them under any other condition. The great difficulty to be encountered is the disinclination, on the part of a large number of people, to become agriculturists. Where the proper inclination exists there is frequently lack of experience or lack of capital, or both. It is the business of statesmanship to bring about conditions among farmers that will create in the public mind an inclination toward agriculture, and then to provide means by which this inclination can be put into effect. No greater or more pressing problem confronts the Canadian people.

A LESSON OF THE WAR

"BEFORE the war" the Canadian Individual had learned the privileges of democratic freedom—the liberty of each individual to lead his own life within the law, unhampered by religious and other restrictions. But he has been learning, for the past three years, the greatest lesson which life has to teach—which history has failed to teach because it is a lesson that can be learned only through experience—to think nothing of private freedom, of the importance of one's own individuality—the lesson of selfless service in a cause near to his individual heart. Men and women of Canada are learning that they can do nothing singly, that they are each part of a Great Scheme—each within himself holding the possibility of realizing what must be God's Dream of Man—of whom we have the One Perfect Example. The man who attains the ultimate sacrifice, who lays down his life for a cause; the woman whose courage inspires him;—these two are learning the great lesson: they are drawing very near to the spirit of Christ. A poet has spoken of the individual—

> None more in the world than a bird
> And none less than the sun !

Peace, and the freedom to shape, in-so-far as mortal may, our own destinies, failed to teach us the lesson. War has brought home to us, its inspiring truth. We are part of the great scheme—and not only in the sense that we are part of humanity as each drop of blood is a part of, and serves the whole body. But—to quote again the words of a poet:

> We are one in the doing of things that are done, and to be !
> I am part of my God, as a rain drop is part of the sea !

A LOST OPPORTUNITY

PROHIBITION is bound to come in conservative England; although, even at this stage of the game, when the government and press are alike calling upon the people to use less wheat, the best substitutes, barley and oatmeal, are used in enormous quantities in the manufacture of beer. The government has decided not to attempt prohibition, the Trade Unionists *think* that they have vetoed it. For all that, it is coming. The brewers, who have fought, tooth-and-nail, against prohibition, who refused to sell out to the government when they had the opportunity, will, when the food stringency becomes even greater than it is, now, lose everything. The time will have passed when the government would have paid compensation for their losses.

THE INFLUENCE OF ADVERTISING

THE part played by advertising in moulding public opinion is not generally appreciated. The day has gone by when an advertisement was a mere statement, more or less truthful, of the merits of certain goods or preparations. To-day there is no business or profession which involves more thorough research, greater native ability, and more highly specialized skill than does the business of advertising. Advertising campaigns no longer merely sell goods; they affect the whole routine of public and private life. They determine the food we eat, the clothes we wear; no detail of our personal appearance has been unaffected by the advertiser. Our education, our systems of reading, our modes of travel, the places we visit and how and when we visit them; the plans for our houses, the materials for construction, heating, lighting, plumbing, fire-proofing, painting, decorating and furnishing our musical instruments and the music to be played upon them; our physical exercises; our management of our businesses; our methods of collecting debts, handling employes saving money, buying life insurance, clothing our wives and educating our children have all been made plain for us by the advertising specialist.

Every moment of every day the life of every one of us is influenced, consciously or unconsciously by that great subtle almost indefinable force called advertising. From its original purpose of selling specific articles to the broader field of moulding public opinion has been a recent but natural development of advertising. In the election campaign of 1916 in the United States advertising was employed on an unprecedented scale to place the political issues before the public. In Great Britain advertising was the effective means used to raise the greatest volunteer army in the world's history. In Canada agressive government advertising campaigns have been carried on to encourage greater production, and in two years Canada increased her exports from $478,997,928 to $882,872,502. It would appear that this mighty engine of advertising could have been used to advantage in preparing the public for whatever measure of compulsory military service is necessary on the part of Canadians. The public is often impetuous and unjust, but never persistently unreasonable if the facts of a case are fairly and simply stated. To state facts simply and effectively is the business of the advertising man.

INDIA'S REWARD

THE great Imperial patriotism expressed by India during these last three years of war—and not only by British India proper, but by the territories of independent ruling princes, which comprise one-third of the Indian Empire—will undoubtedly result in a material advance on constitutional lines in regard to political matters. India will undoubtedly be given a greater power in her own government: for she has shown, not only a noble loyalty to the beloved King and Emperor, but her fitness in legislative council. We cannot doubt that England will rise to the occasion, and definitely put an end to the unrest that is prevalent among the most loyal Indians, an unrest conceived of the conviction that India is not progressing politically as she should. Owing to the democratic ideals of some of the ruling princes, about ten per cent. of the Indian States have representative self-government now. We cannot doubt that India will soon be given a more definite and more dignified place in the constitution of the Empire. The Imperial Cabinet and Imperial War Conference number Indian representatives among their delegates. India has shown that her only consideration, at present, is to serve England; and, while she is not perhaps, at present ripe for self government in the fullest sense of the term, we cannot doubt that England will show her appreciation and good-will in furthering the accomplishment of a government that will satisfy those subjects who are loyally rendering service of incalculable value, in this great crisis. It will be a day of great rejoicing for the whole Empire when England will put an extinguisher upon the legitimate unrest of that loyal "Empire within the Empire."

SAFEGUARDING RECRUITS

A COMMISSION has been appointed by the powers that have their being in Washington, D. C., to solve the difficult problem of making military camps in the U. S. A., decent environment for American boys. The obvious solution is that sufficient legitimate and healthy recreation be afforded the soldier. No negative methods—no thou-shalt-nots have ever been known to avail. On the other hand, temptations to vice and drunkenness must not be permitted about the camps. As a member of the committee obviously, bromidically, and ponderously stated for publication, "Remove the cause, and there will be no vice to fight!" To assure success in making the training camps as free from vice and drunkenness as it is humanly possible to make them, Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick, chairman of the commission, has made a special study of methods used in Canadian camps, and what he has learned, he has reported to the Secretary of War. (Faith, they're learning a lot from the Canucks, nowadays, our neighbors to the South!) So there will be the Y. M. C. A., and the Ladies' Canteen; and a "Take-the-Soldier-Home-for Dinner" movement has already set out on its career of hospitality. Seriously, this work is all-important; and, for the comfort of mothers, it should be given publicity for all sensible people to know how easy it is for boys to drift into bad habits; when, for the first time in their lives, they are free of home ties, and removed from home influences.

TIME FOR A NEW SHUFFLE

"WHY should there not be a new political alignment in Canada?" This question was asked in almost despairing tones by a prominent member of the Ontario Legislature a few days ago. His ambition was to get all the "good fellows" on one side and all the "other sort" on the other side. It is an admirable conception. Human beings do not normally divide themselves into two classes, one believing in Free Trade and the other in Protection; into one class holding for liberty of conscience and the other maintaining the infallibility of the Pope. People differ on these matters, and also upon the style of cutting their hair and curling themselves up for the night. The differences, however, are superficial, not basic, no matter how stoutly the various opinions are held. There are differences that are basic, and it is upon these differences that political parties ought to be formed.

ENGLAND'S WAY WITH THE RAILROADS

IN 1871 the British Government passed an act of parliament by which, should Great Britain enter into war with another power, the English railways should automatically come under government control. Some years before the present war broke out, the general-manager of each railroad was given sealed orders, to be opened the day war was declared. August 4th. 1914, the day war was declared with Germany, the railways were taken over by the government. In consequence of this preparedness, about 120,000 men were in France by Aug. 20th. The original general-managers and railroad officials are managing the roads as before, but the companies are all working together, under control of, and responsible to a Railway Executive Committee whose chairman is a Cabinet Minister. Troops, guns, and military stores are transported with amazing despatch With fewer men to do the work, the railways have pulled through with marvellous efficiency. Women are doing the work of conductors, porters, and various other small officials who are set free for military service. Fares have been almost doubled in an effort to keep down passenger traffic, but freight rates are unaltered, and government traffic is carried free. In order that the stock and bond holders may not be losers, the government has guaranteed the railways the same net revenue that they earned in the year preceding the war, 1913. The Government takes the surplus.

THE HAPPY MEDIUM

GERMANY Austria, Italy and France have a party name that is foreign to British parliamentary affairs, although it is an admirable and expressive one. We refer to the Centrist party. If we close our eyes and imagine all the members of an assembly strung out in line, with the extremists of one type on the extreme right, and the extremists of the other type on the extreme left, it will be natural for the moderates, the progressive conservatives, and the cautious progressives to be found somewhere in the middle This is the party of the centre, the party of the average man. It usually contains no cranks. Usually it contains no geniuses. Moreover, it contains few members who are a menace to the State. It is a valuable sort of parliamentary anchor for any legislative assembly to possess

Frivolous Fripley

By Vale Downie

Illustrated by Alexander Popini

HE would have got out of the elevator if it had been humanly possible to do so, for he had a horror of a jam. It was not the personal annoyance of being trampled upon and outrageously squeezed, so much as the agony of being obliged to occupy space which was apparently coveted by others. Existence became an unpardonable obtrusion and an affront. Even at the risk of coming to work five minutes late he would have waited in the lobby for the rush to subside, and taken a later car

But escape was out of the question. He had been one of the first passengers to enter the car and was now, in consequence, backed into one of the farther corners and effectually imprisoned. Besides, there was a girl with a mushroom hat directly in front of him, a pretty girl and an acquaintance; and it would have been much easier for him to simply evaporate or fade miraculously through the *grille* behind him than to deliberately jostle her.

For it must be understood that Fripley was a very modest, and in every way a model, young man. He was rather tall, but not painfully so; somewhat slender, but not extremely so; good looking, but not emphatically handsome; in fact, not emphatically anything. He had a gentle and winning smile and he spoke in accents soft and musical. There were two red depressions on the bridge of his nose, caused by his large, eternal spectacles. He was a bit of a recluse, spending most of his evenings in his boarding house with a few excellent old books, such as Addison's "Spectator" and the "Sentimental Journey," and he had not very many friends.

He was twenty-four years of age, had never smoked a cigarette, spent a dollar foolishly, worn a colored hat band or spoken eight consecutive words to a pretty girl.

"Do you want a transfer," inquired the boy

This was the admirable character of Samuel Fripley, a lad of meek demeanor and of manner mild, as he entered the elevator car on that ill-starred Saturday morning in June.

"I'm sorry I can't keep the hat out of your face, Mr. Fripley," said the girl.

"That's all right," he hastened to reply, "I like it. I mean, it's no matter." He blushed.

A large man with a [illegible] was now thrust, by the herculean efforts of two porters, into the already overcrowded elevator and the door was hauled shut. The girl was jammed against Fripley. She gave a little cry of distress and Fripley groaned.

"It's the hat," she sighed. I wonder if I couldn't change places with you."

"Perhaps that would be better," said Fripley, in a cold sweat. The exchange was managed and seemed to afford some relief. He braced his arms against the side of the car, over her shoulder and stiffened the muscles of his back.

Miss Bruce drew a breath of relief in this comparatively commodious situation, and smiled her thanks into Fripley's eyes. As this smile had a distance of scarcely five inches to travel, it had an unusually destructive effect.

Mark this.

At this instant Samuel Fripley was being rude to the passengers behind him. He was not conscious of the fact. If it had been brought to his attention, his attitude would probably have been one of indifference.

"You are so strong," said the girl, and smiled again and sighed contentedly.

"Am I?" said Fripley, with surprise.

"Yes, and tall."

"Not tall."

"No, you are. I'm so stumpy," she pouted.

"Never!" cried Fripley. "You may be——"

The word he wanted was "cuddlesome," but it was not in his vocabulary.

"—*petite*," he made it, for lack of a better term, "but not—not stumpy. A girl cannot be stumpy who has——"

"Has what, Mr. Fripley?"

He turned beet-red with a sudden realization of what he had been about to say. Miss Bruce determined to know or die.

"Tell me," she pleaded. Fripley had never before experienced the Third Degree. She smiled up at him joyously, wistfully, confidently, confidingly persuasively, mournfully, promisingly—all from a distance of five inches.

A bit of black velvet edged the collar of her dress, emphasizing her white neck. She wore a bunch of flowers on her breast; they had been crushed and their fragrance arose into the nostrils of Fripley and well nigh destroyed his reason. He could no more have withheld the word she wanted than he could have stopped breathing.

"Please tell me." She was pouting wistfully and her eyes were misty. "I know it was something hateful."

"Not *hateful*!" cried the horrified Fripley, rising gallantly to the bait, his embarrassment eclipsed for the moment by a more painful apprehension. "It was only a ridiculous thing with no meaning to it, that I am ashamed to repeat.

"Please, Mr. Fripley."

"It was only, that a girl cannot be stumpy," he replied gravely, "who has—has dimples. Perfect rot, of course."

"Well, I don't know," giggled Miss Bruce, who seemed to find nothing offensive either in the original assertion or final retraction of this curious proposition.

The car had been pursuing its jerky course to the top of the building, decanting a part of its load at every floor. It had now come to a final stop. Fripley turned to find the elevator boy regarding him with a smile of amusement. They were the only remaining occupants of the car.

"Twenty-four!" said the operator, and Fripley became painfully conscious that it was the third time he had said it.

"Do you want a transfer?" inquired the boy. "I don't go no further."

As they left the car, Miss Bruce froze the impudent one with a glance and Fripley requested him to avoid being fresh.

She was a stenographer and he was a draughtsman; both worked for the Gilford Machinery Company, whose offices occupied the entire twenty-fourth floor of the building.

Fripley's head seemed to be of a shape unknown to hatters

They separated in the lobby and Miss Bruce waved a hand at Fripley, as she disappeared through the door of the private office of Montgomery, chief of the engineering department.

Not passionately, nor in a moment of imaginative heat, but deliberately and in cold blood did Samuel Fripley take up his compasses and draw a circle three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter on the creamy sheet spread out before him. Having done this, he paused and leisurely sharpened a hard lead pencil with an ebony handled stencil cutter's knife. His soul was full of unholy joy.

No such circle appeared on the rough sketch at Fripley's elbow!

There was a dozen other young men in the large, well lighted room and they sat on very high stools and drew skeletons of machinery on large, smooth, paper-clad boards. Officially it was known as Section D of the Engineering Department; but among the draughtsmen of Section A, who sat, some on lower stools and some on swivel chairs (one's salary was inversely as the height of the stool on which he sat and Fripley's was about the tallest in the department), among these superior gentlemen Section D was known as the "boneyard," on account, no doubt, of the skeleton business above alluded to.

Section A saw the machines with a creative and spiritual eye; but no such pleasureable visions were ever referred for attention to the "boneyard." All that ever came thither were a few notes of dry details and some maddeningly, complete, though arid, sketches. Section A betook itself out to the factory, at will, and viewed the finished creatures in all their physical beauty, as a whole, alive; but all that Fripley ever saw was detached and inarticulate cross sections, plans and elevations, composed of the scrawniest of straight lines and the vapidest of circles.

But there is nothing in all this to afford the shadow of an excuse for what he had done.

If the men in Section D were not paid enormous salaries, neither were they burdened with responsibility. Mathematical and mechanical accuracy was about all that was exacted of them: invention and ingenuity they were not required to possess. If they did not enjoy all the privileges of Department A, neither were they obliged to loll for hours with their heels on their desks and pipes in their mouths, painfully devising new power transmission apparatus and systems of lubrication. Indeed, a paternal management had seen fit to stringently forbid the indulgence, on the part of the "boneyard," of a natural tendency toward "origination." Their duty was to stick rigidly to the sketches and instructions furnished by Section A.

As for Fripley's circle three-six-

teenths of an inch in diameter, the thing simply wasn't done.

Furthermore, he was the last person in the office who would have been thought capable of such a misdemeanor. After all, one knows really very little about the chap at one's elbow. The mild mannered old gentleman sitting beside you in the street-car may be a successful assassin, returning homeward from his occasional employment with the head of his latest victim in an innocent looking gladstone-bag. The Sunday school superintending teller, who has worked across the desk from you in the bank for twenty years and never taken a postage stamp, will probably walk out of the cage this evening with $50,000 of the bank's money done up in a neat parcel, and start for Mexico with a chorus girl.

Nothing, however, is more certain than that murder will, eventually and most embarrassingly, out.

Presently came Haskins, foreman of the [illegible]ard," to see how Fripley was getting on. While still at a distance of thirty feet from the board his eye alighted on the circle three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter which by this time had been embellished with a corrugated edge.

"Why, Fripley," he remonstrated, "you are in wrong here. No intermediate pinion is shown on Montgomery's sketch. I am sure, because I noticed the omission and thought it strange. Let's see the sketch."

"No, it's not on the sketch," observed Fripley, as one would casually remark, "It may possibly rain."

Haskins stiffened and turned his eyes upon an unaccustomed Fripley, who, in turn, coolly regarded his work with evident, though subdued, pride and satisfaction.

"Well, wh—why did you put it in?" stammered Haskins.

Fripley affected to yawn.

"Because it belongs there. Easier to do it now than later, when Montgomery notices the slip. I've made enough drawings of these machines to know that this front gear has got to have a contra-clockwise motion, and that means an intermediate pinion."

With a trembling hand Haskins laid down the sketch. After a few moments he began to talk softly, sadly, and distinctly.

"You have made enough of these machines to know how they ought to be made, have you, Fripley?"

It was the first time anybody had ever been in a towering rage at Fripley. It was a novel, interesting, and even pleasurable sensation. Yesterday he would have [illegible] a [illegible]. But today he rather enjoyed it. He turned his large, innocent grey eyes upon Haskins.

"Yes, I'm pretty familiar with them."

"Well, but, let me ask, are you paid for that sort of thing, Fripley?"

"I've often thought I ought to have more money," he admitted.

"You do not, or will not, understand, Fripley. Are you, or are you not, paid to follow instructions to the letter?"

A note of protest crept into the tone of Fripley's reply.

"I never understood, Mr. Haskins," he said, "that I was paid to make a fool of myself."

Haskins visibly counted twenty before replying.

"This goes to Montgomery!" he said shortly, and waited for Fripley to lift the sheet off the board.

"I'll do what I can for you," he added, as he went off with the sketch and the partially completed drawing, "but I'm sure you'll be fired."

"You may do as you damn please," were the amazing words uttered by Samuel Fripley in round, even tones.

Something had assuredly come over Fripley.

Even now, however, it is probable that no saving sense of his [illegible] desperate situation was present with this young man. As he turned to take up another piece of work he actually chuckled.

His eleven confreres began, with one accord, to erase the errors their trembling hands had made in the last five minutes.

Just before noon—it was a half holiday—Fripley received his customary weekly pay envelope, containing twenty dollars, and was coldly ordered by Haskins to stop at Montgomery's office as he went out.

With that unaccountable indifference to fate which often benumbs the sensibilities of the criminal on the road to the gallows, he entered the suite of

He stood on his chair during the greater part of the ninth inning

the chief. But Montgomery happened at the moment to have a visitor and sent word requesting Fripley to come in Monday morning, instead. It was Miss Bruce who brought the reprieve, the office boy having departed. Her desk was in an inner room. She wore her hat and jacket and was obviously going to lunch.

A brilliant and absolutely unprecedented idea occurred to Fripley.

"It is a nice day, Miss Bruce," he volunteered.

"Isn't it," she replied sweetly, pausing at the door.

"My birthday," added Fripley, mendaciously.

"Is that so? Congratulations!"

"Thank you," said he and proceeded boldly to the point. "In view of the occasion I thought you might consent to lunch with me."

"Why, I'd be delighted to do so," laughed the girl, with a little surprise.

"You are very kind," said he.

The most expensive restaurant in the vicinity was the Mazarin and thither the headlong Fripley directed their course. He had never been within the portals before but the [illegible] of the place served upon occasions [illegible] one. Upon one of the [illegible] which [illegible] snowy [illegible] the glistening glass and rich silver [illegible] and [illegible] was thrust a card printed entirely in French. He studied it carefully and at [illegible] that the [illegible] were printed in indecipherable characters. He had a little knowledge of French acquired at school [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] once more.

The waiter took advantage of Fripley's apparent preoccupation to refill the glasses, which were in no need of filling, from the carafe. Time went by. Fripley laid down his card and addressed himself to Miss Bruce.

"Perhaps you would rather make your own selection," he hazarded.

His face felt hot; but he had an odd feeling that the waiter had spilled a piece of cracked ice down the back of his neck.

"No, I'd rather you would order," said Miss Bruce, who pined for a lettuce sandwich and a glass of iced tea.

Fripley resumed, with desperate resolve, his examination of the card. The waiter again filled the glasses and changed his napkin to the other arm.

Things were becoming worse, rather than better; for he was no longer able to spell out the words, which had now become blurred black lines. He was conscious, although he dared not look up, that the people in the farther corners of the room were standing on their chairs in order to get a better view of him. He began to fear that he had lost his voice. That would be awkward. Even if he did decide that he wanted one of the unpronounceable things on the card, what would be the use if he had actually, as he feared, lost control of his vocal cords. He would not be able to make a sound.

"Ahem!" said Fripley. The vocal cords were still there.

The waiter moved to the other foot and poised his pencil over his pad.

"Your name is George, is it not?" said Fripley to the waiter.

"No, it iss Victor."

"A pretty name," remarked Fripley and added, "This is my birthday, Victor."

"Yess."

"I am fifty-eight."

"Yes, sir."

"I always er—eat a lunch, on my birthday."

"Yes," with a broad smile.

"But it must be a little better than usual, Victor, you understand."

"Ver' well, yess.

"It is a pleasure to be served by a conscientious and intelligent waiter, such as yourself, Victor. I'll just leave the selection of the dishes to you. You know the language and you know the cook. Just bring on a nice little lunch for two and everything will be all right."

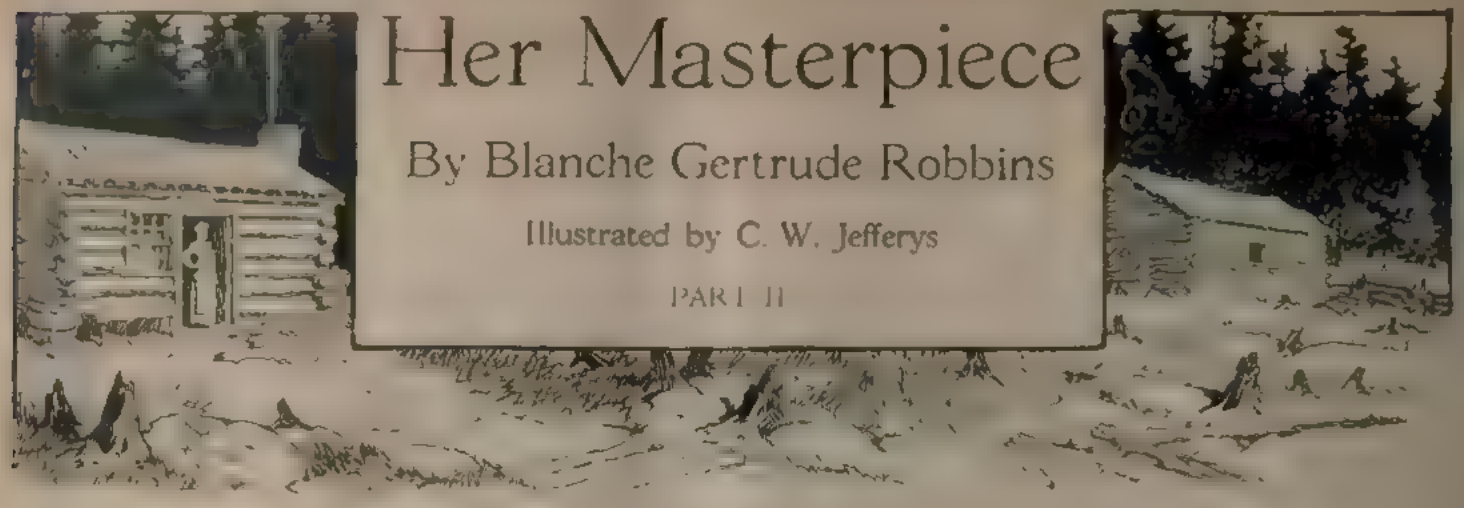
"Ver' well, yess," said Victor and offered an unintelligible suggestion for the first course, which Fripley thought would be very good. The second, third and following courses were treated in similar fashion. It was all plain sailing now, thanks to Victor, and delightfully simple. The waiter at length closed his book and departed. Fripley sighed his relief.

The lunch, when it arrived, vindicated their estimate of Victor. It was, as Miss Bruce expressed [illegible] as they could, but were obliged to pass by many of the dishes.

After ice cream *incognito* and a *demi tasse*, Victor placed before Fripley a silver plate

The moment he had kissed her—he fled

Continued on page 159



Her Masterpiece

By Blanche Gertrude Robbins

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

PART II

For Synopsis of Part I. see page 167.

"CAROLYN!" exclaimed Dr. Aleck, springing toward the door. Andrew followed close behind. From outside came the merry exchange of greetings. Helena aroused herself, her curiosity piqued by the arrival of the girl. Why should she be alone on the trail in the night time? There was something in the call of the girl, that challenged her. Spirit and fearlessness dominated in the call. She wanted to see that girl.

As she rose from her chair, she heard the sound of returning footsteps and caught the half smile on Robert's face.

"It is as mysterious as the trail itself," he muttered.

They were coming into the cabin, talking in low tones, that the sick man might not be disturbed.

"Friends, this is our sister Carolyn, though we can't explain why she is alone on the trail to-night," explained Andrew.

She was tall and well developed, her lithe figure moving with the grace of the deer as she crossed the cabin floor. Something as mysteriously sweet as the forest grandeur followed in her wake; in the glow and warmth of her smile, shone the glory of the sunrise. The sparkle of the Northern stars gleamed in her black eyes, flashing determination. In her voice sounded the notes of the singing birds, the rush of falls in the ravine and the whispering winds murmuring through groves of fir.

STRIKING in her hunter's suit of beaverskin, she was none the less womanly. Magnetic and fearless with never a trace of boldness in her bearing. She smiled through misty eyes into the soldier brother's questioning face.

"I have not come far—alone on the trail. I rode from home with Chris. He is working in the settlement of Scandinavians down the trail. To-night we are staying with the neighboring Swedish family a mile back. Someone told us Aleck was here so I rode on. But no one told us that you were here, Andy. Oh, Mother will be so proud of you; though you have changed. You make me wish to turn back just to be at the home coming."

"But, Carolyn, you have not told us where you are bound for," interrupted Dr. Aleck.

"PERHAPS you cannot understand—perhaps you will not approve," she answered slowly, the rose flushing her cheek, "but I am riding to the Capitol to plead our Woman's cause. We pioneer women must have our chance at making history. Old laws must be changed, that we may play our part unhampered. Look at the women who have homesteaded along with their men folk. In their eagerness to make the home they have borne the heaviest burdens and suffered unflinchingly. Then when the roving spirit of the husband has manifested itself, he has sold out, in disregard of the woman's protest, and she, torn from the home she worked for, has followed to toil again in unbroken country. We want a law to protect the woman who works to make the home, so she will not lose it. Our pioneer women are far sighted and they are ambitious. They want education for their children and if they are given the chance, their votes will count for the future of the trail settlements. We want a law that will give us unmarried women the opportunity to homestead in our own rights. We, girls who are born on the trail, are imbued with a sense of home making in new country as no man of the city could be. Our girls are being lured to the town and the cities because the law does not provide a chance for their maintenance here on the trail. You remember Ellen Lester—the girl of such splendid physique—when her father was ill all those years, she took up the work of the homestead and cleared the land and made a grand success. When her father took command again, the young brothers were old enough to help, Ellen was not needed and her independence asserted itself. She wanted to homestead in her own right. She would have made good, but this was denied her. She went out from the forests to the city. She did not belong there and her splendid physique withered as her ambition warped. Last week they brought her home and buried her under the firs—the very ground she would have enriched with her toil. As I stood by her grave, that splendid, vigorous life—murdered by the law that fetters our womankind, called to me to avenge the wrong. Ever since I was a child I have longed to appeal to our law-makers in the name of the pioneer women. Now, that the call has come I know that I shall make them understand, for my heart throbs with the pioneer woman's burden. My soul has seen the vision of the Pioneer Woman of the future."

THERE was tense silence in the cabin, as the girl's breathless, passionate outburst ceased. Dr. Aleck stood, staring with incredulity into the face, all glorified with enthusiasm.

"By Jove, Carolyn, you put it strong, you adorable pleader. How is it we never knew before there was an orator in the family? Where did you get your training?"

"I think mother has been training me through all the years. I believe quite unconsciously I have molded the ambitions of my girlhood to conform with the vocation she would have me choose," the girl answered softly.

"As she has trained each one of us to fulfill some mission in life," added Andrew thoughtfully. "Go forth and win your woman's rights, sister, and I will go back to the glory of trail breaking. We cannot open up our wonder-

ful country too quickly for I have seen a vision of the Canada that, in the future, must expand to her uttermost boundaries. We will open up new trails for your women to homestead.

Helena reached over to touch Carolyn's hands, clasped intensely in her lap.

"You splendid, gloriously splendid girl with your vision. I, too, have had a vision of your pioneer women, fettered by their forest environment. Some day I shall paint a picture—even now it is created in my mind—and your city wise women of the cities see it, they will pity the pioneer women. Yes, my picture will arouse pity."

"*Pity*—but we don't want pity!" exclaimed the girl, perplexedly, "it is opportunity we seek. It is that which lawfully should be our right. That is what we have endured too long—the pity of the world. We do not need pity. We want a chance to show our mettle. I am afraid you do not understand even yet," she smiled wisely.

AND Helena, leaning back in her chair, forced herself to admit that this girl of the forest-country was wiser than she in many things. Baffled, she sat silent—yes, she, Helena Clifford, could, by her skill with the brush, arouse emotion. But this glorious, spirited girl would not only arouse emotion, but she would arouse men and women to action; and no one could doubt that she would lead her followers on to conquest.

Andrew rose from his seat and stood by the door suggestively. "I will walk with you to the sweet home and [illegible] thought of Olga. Carolyn crowed. To-morrow Aleck will ride with you to the beginning of the trail," he commented.

As they rose to exchange goodnights, Helena was conscious of Robert's tense expression.

Never let any earthly thing deter you from accomplishing the vision before you," he admonished earnestly, his eyes intent upon Carolyn's face.

Helena started. Had Robert Clifford ever seen a vision? Had any incident in his life ever deterred him from its realization? Swiftly to her mind came that first year of their marriage, when he had talked eagerly of the unbroken forests. She had believed her genius for art had warranted her rebellion. Until to-night, she had never questioned the right of Robert's sacrifice. It was not at all reasonable that Robert Clifford, born to ease and wealth, could have won fame in blazing trails. And her skill had placed the name of Clifford high in the realm of art. But had the fame she had won been worth the sacrifice of the manly man?

Striding forward, he extended a hand in greeting—a hand calloused and scarred

Robert returned from the door, his tenderness for her, in his thoughtfulness. "You must get some rest. Olga is making a bed for you in the store room. Dr. Aleck will sit with the sick man and I will roll up in a blanket on this floor. I have urged Andrew to hurry along ahead of us for his mother is waiting. We will start early and ride slowly. If your arm rests in a sling, there will be little danger that you will suffer."

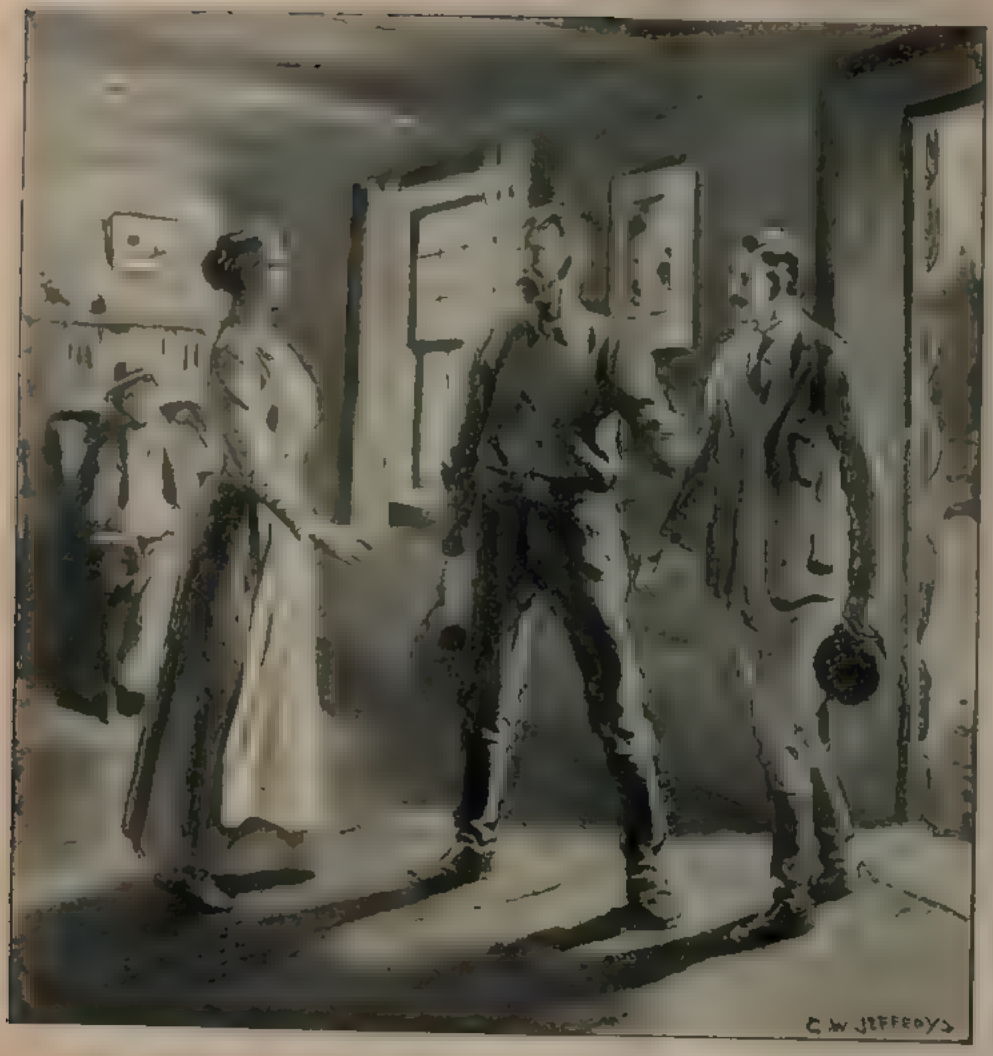
"But I will be handicapped with the lines," she protested.

"Andrew thinks your horse will readily follow the lead of mine. The trail from here on is good and we will travel by daylight only. See, Olga has your bed ready. Are you not tired?" he questioned.

She nodded her head wearily. A dread for the morrow's traveling had crept into her thought. But not far distant lay the goal. All along the trail, her senses had been acute in noting details in color, form and shadow. But she had not yet come upon the reality, that should fulfill her vision..

AS she lay down upon the rough cot the silence of the dense forest surrounding the cabin, smote her with terror. The cry of the coyote on the mountain startled her. Strange, mysterious sounds came from the depths of the bush. Her hand throbbed with pain. She raised herself in a sitting posture. She could not sleep under these weird conditions. She caught a glimmer of light through a crevice of the thin partition.

Suddenly she laughed aloud. She was not alone. Robert was on guard in the outer room. She need not be



"Wife, I've found a kindred spirit. Here I've been working along at trail breaking all these years and this chap Clifford has been studying it out in theory"

afraid for he would protect her. She lay down, quieted, and fell into a sleep of exhaustion.

AT the break of day, mounted again on horseback, Helena and Robert rode along the trail. They met Carolyn—the girl of spirit—riding.

"There is something wonderfully alluring in that girl's personality," she remarked, "yet I cannot name it."

It is enthusiasm," Robert answered readily, "the most alluring charm of your sex. That girl will do great things for her woman's cause for she is determined and has seen the vision of the work she will accomplish."

Helena was conscious of a quick indrawn breath. Never before had she felt a pang of jealousy. Always had she been sure of Robert's unwavering devotion. What was there about this girl of the wilderness that brought that tense look into the man's eyes?

Then as if in answer to her unspoken thought the man leaned from his saddle and laid his hand on the fingers that clutched the lines

"It is the enthusiasm that has made you master of your art. It is the charm of all your charms, dear heart, that has ever kept me faithful to my trust; ever carried me along with you, whither your vision led you," he commented.

It was but one of Robert's pretty drawing-room speeches, that ever pleased her vanity, but this morning riding along the mysterious trail in the glory of dawn and breaking sun, the words rang with unusual depth of meaning. But underneath the man's tone lay a tinge of bitterness that mystified Helena.

It was near the noon hour that the man and woman riding along the trail, descried the settlement of cabins built at the edge of the bush.

"THIS must be the settlement," Robert exclaimed, "it will be best for us to rest here until to-morrow. What think you?"

A smile of relief came to Helena's face. Her wrist was aching dully and she longed for rest and change of position long before they had reached the settlement.

But something in the fearless riding of the man in the lead, urged her to buckle on. She could not understand this strange new sensation— this effort to court the esteem of her husband. Yet, she was conscious that she must not show the white feather on the trail for she feared—as never before she had feared displeasure—to arouse his scorn.

With a thrill of satisfaction that she had endured to the end, she slipped from her saddle. A Swedish woman opened her [illegible] by me. You, too, welcome. Mr. Christopher—he make cabin home for new comers," she explained, leading the way to the kitchen and the dinner, steaming on the stove

They could hear the sound of hammers and the rolling of logs in the distance. At dusk Helena and Robert, curiosity prompting them, wandered across the clearing to the log cabins newly erected.

A HALF mile distant, they came upon a group of Scandinavians and in their midst a young Canadian, energetically intent upon fitting logs into a rude dwelling

With a merry jest, his auburn head thrown back, he lifted a huge log from the ground and with a magnificent display of muscular strength, hurled it across the clearing.

Catching a glimpse of Helena and Robert, he straightened his towering, broad shouldered figure, ran his hand through the tousled mass of auburn hair and buttoned the flannel shirt, rolled low at his throat.

Striding forward, he extended a hand in greeting—a hand calloused and scarred. "You are the strangers Andy told us about. This is a mighty new colony, but I guess the folks, being next door to strangers will give you a glad hand. We're doing our best to settle before frost gets in the ground," he explained, a soft light of kindliness glowing in the depths of his blue-black eyes.

"A builder, eh?" questioned Robert.

"Not by profession," laughed Christopher, "but a pioneer builds cabin homes by instinct. Dad brought us up to that, along with breaking trails. But our immigrants, coming mostly from cities, are at a disadvantage. So we have to sort of help them along. Come see the schoolhouse. I'm mighty proud of that for a pioneer construction."

He led the way, trampling the underbrush, and making a short cut to the long, low log cabin. Inside were benches and desks, carved from pine, charts hung on the rafted walls, books covered the table of the raised platform

"We've been at it all summer," he explained, reaching for the lanterns suspended from the ceiling, "had to get this building up first, though it crowded the families together in many cases.

Still they were anxious to learn English and we made a pretty steady pace at night classes. The worst feature of the thing is that just as we get the men and women on main trail of learning I'll have to get back to the 'varsity and leave them."

AS Christopher talked eagerly he busied himself lighting the lanterns and hanging them.

"You're a 'varsity man?" asked Helena with interest.

"A junior—and counting the years till I get back to the trail with an organized system of teaching. Perhaps you'll stay to the night session?" he urged opening the door to the group of foreigners who filed into the room and slouched to their seats.

Robert turned questioningly toward Helena, and catching the interest in her eyes, answered warmly, "Thanks, we shall be glad to stay."

Christopher found chairs for them ushered several shy, dilatory forms that overflowed the doorway, into the room by vigorous, friendly slaps upon the shoulder.

As he took his stand upon the platform, silence, tense and respectful, greeted him. He was no longer the builder—the workman of the people. He was their teacher and leader and as he bowed his head in a simple service of devotion, a sense of the spiritual pervaded the log school house. A simple message—direct and illustrative of the manhood of Christ followed. Occasionally the leader broke into a bit of Scandinavian phraseology, as he was learning their language from them. Then for an hour, he labored with them, teaching them the rudiments of the English language.

"An Empire builder!" exclaimed Robert with enthusiasm, as they said goodnight, "next to a blazer of trails, I should like your job—teaching new Canadians good citizenship. But you did not tell us that you are a preacher!"

Christopher shook his head, "not until I have my theology, will I call myself a preacher. I am just a bearer of the gospel message. But if we are to build a Christian nation, we must teach our new Canadians Christianity. In order to appeal to their hearts and minds, the leader must be a co-worker with them," he answered with earnestness.

As Helena and Robert walked back to the Swedish woman's home, the stars alone guided their path.

"There is something mysterious about the beauty of the wonders of the trail," Helena mused wonderingly.

"Ah—you have felt it too," exclaimed Robert, "the spirit of the pioneer spirit, kindling the flame of enthusiasm. How brilliantly its blaze illumines the trail. Yet it burns only for others. Not in a single instance is the service self centered. Imagine the influence of all this spirit on the building of the Canadian Empire!"

Silent—because no answer formulated within Helena's mind to Rudolph's passionate outburst, she turned into the cabin, that offered them shelter for the night.

Eager for the morrow that would end the journey along the trail, she fell asleep, which, undisturbed lasted until the break of day.

Partaking of an early breakfast, Helena and Robert rode forth as the sun's rays first penetrated the bush. There was silence between the man and woman for both were intent upon the trail; the man thinking of the pioneer who had first forged the way and the woman studying the hues of the earth, that her brush might skillfully duplicate them.

A little after the noon hour they came upon the clearing and Helena, scanning the horizon, cried out: "Oh, oh, Robert, look—yonder!" Breathlessly she pulled a halting line and waved her hand toward the clearing.

"The little log cabin and the woman! Now she's gone inside. That glimpse was the vision I have dreamed for my picture. A little log cabin buried in the depths of the forests; the rough trail dimly outlined in the distance and the woman outside the cabin door!" she explained, her eyes brilliant with enthusiasm, straining across the expanse.

"It is the soul of the woman, subjected to loneliness, fettered by her primitive environment, that I must call upon my skill to depict. If I can but arouse the *pity* of the city women for the pioneer women, I will have accomplished my purpose. The vision of my masterpiece so real at last! Oh, Robert, let us hurry!"

She caught the answering sparkle in the man's eyes, as he dismounted and led her horse down the incline to the clearing.

A SHORT distance from the cabin, he called a halt and lifted her from the saddle, his keen gaze penetrating the bush where a man wielded the axe, making a clearing.

Helena stretched out her aching muscles and readjusted the sling in which her hand rested.

"While you make the acquaintance of your woman, I will see yonder man. I have an idea that he is the pioneer who forged the trail. Can you imagine your husband as muscular and brawny as he? Think what your art saved you from!" Robert laughed with a tinge of bitterness.

But Helena was already walking toward the log cabin, for the woman, hearing voices had come to the door. Impulsively Helena hurried across the grass.

"Good morning!" she called out eagerly, then paused abruptly, struck by the picture presented by the woman standing before her with outstretched hand.

She was tall and straight—this woman of the log cabin. The print housedress, simply fashioned, revealed a finely developed figure. The sparkle in the dark grey eyes as well as the welcoming smile illumined the face. It was not alone the freshness of that face, that startled Helena. It was the glory of expression lighting the countenance, that challenged her to name it. Should she call it the halo of the conqueror, or live, pulsing interest.

"We have been watching for you. Andrew told us how you fell in with him on the trail. I know you have wearied from the rough ride and how your poor hand must ache. I am glad Alexander was near you with his skill. Come inside and rest. Make our home your home," the woman of the log cabin greeted her cordially, her voice rich in sympathy and kindness.

And Helena, resting her small, delicately fashioned hand within the other woman's hand, noticed that it was enlarged and red, toil-stained and roughened. But she could not deny the warmth of friendliness in the clasp.

THE woman led the way into the cabin and drew a comfortable chair within range of the sunlight flooding the windows.

It was a large, rafted-walled room, plainly yet picturesquely furnished with chairs and tables; couch and book shelves carved from the gnarled branches of willow. An open fireplace built of rough stone and on either side the book cases filled to the utmost; the large table centering the floor, proclaimed this indeed the living room.

Helena could see into the kitchen and the sleeping rooms through open doors. The woman of the cabin busied herself preparing hot food for her guests. As she spread the snowy cloth upon the living room table, she opened general conversation:

"It is not often women of your kind traverse the trail. No doubt you have found the journey long and rough—but then, perhaps you were seeking adventure."

Helena Clifford, who had ever been ready of wit and tongue, flushed guiltily and hesitated. She found this woman of the log cabin disconcerting—this wide awake woman. Ah, that was the word that described her. Wide awake!

The vision of the dream woman, she would put into her picture the woman with her stooped shoulders, de-

Continued on page 154

Fifty Years Ago and Now---

THE record of the Dominion of Canada reads like a fairy tale of [illegible] fifty years ago the followers of MacDonald and Brown joined hands and formed a definite unit of the British empire, has been the marvel of the world. From a few scattered colonies [illegible] in 1867, Canada has grown into nationhood and is now invited to a seat at the council table as a power in the Empire. It is interesting to note some of the facts to be found in the record of Canada's semi-centennial period.

WHEN the Fathers of Confederation made up the first census in 1867 it was found that Canada had a population of 3,371,594. To-day she boasts of about 8,000,000. Almost 2,000,000 of this increase in population came to our shores during the ten years previous to the war. The last census figures show that we have only 3 inhabitants per square mile of territory; Great Britain has 360, France has 190, the United States 31. Our population is about evenly divided between urban and rural, although the increase in rural population during the last ten years was only 17.16 while the increase in urban population was 62.25. The population of Toronto, for example has practically doubled every ten years during the Confederation period.

ONE of the chief agents in bringing about Canada's increase in population during the last half of the Confederation period had been the broad development in railway construction. In 1867 Canada's rail mileage was 2,278. To-day we boast of 35,582 miles stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the U. S. line to the Peace River district. During the fifty years of Confederation Canada has constructed three great transcontinental rail systems, whose gross earnings are now well over the two hundred million dollar mark. Canada has a greater percentage of rail mileage per capita of population than any other country of the world.

CANADA has made its greatest record of achievement in agriculture. With field crops in 1916 totalling $700,000,000, she stands among the leading grain producing nations of the world. Her agricultural exports have increased from $12,871,055 in 1867 to almost a quarter of a billion dollars in 1916. According to the last census more than half of Canada's invested capital which totaled $8,365,000,000, was invested in farm lands, stock and machinery. The same census shows more than 700,000 farm holdings, an increase of about 30 per cent. during the last decade. The average value of farm land, improved and unimproved, is estimated at about $39 per acre.

WHILE Canada's progress [illegible] may be in agriculture because of the nature of her territory, she has not been slow in developing in other lines. Back in 1867 Canada looked to England and other outside markets for most of the manufactured products she required. Now she exports more than a billion dollars worth of her own manufactured products and has a balance of trade in her favor. During the 12 months ending September 30, 1916 Canada's total trade increased from $935,000,000 for the previous 12 month to $1,738,000,000. This is an increase of more than 90 per cent. in one year, almost three times the total trade of Canada during 1867. Some 300 different varieties of manufactories are now prospering in Canada, providing employment to about two-thirds of the population. Food products lead in value among Canada's manufactures, with timber and [illegible] second. The ten year period between 1900 and 1910 brought the largest industrial development. The percentage of increases were as follows:—capital 179 per cent., wages, 120 per cent., materials 109 per cent., products, 142 per cent.

IN mineral wealth Canada ranks near the top. Her mineral production has increased from about 10 millions in Confederation days to the 150 million mark at the present time. But this is only a start of the real development that is sure to come when the real value of Canada [illegible] deposits have been explored and estimated. The total mineral production since 1886 is $1,784,000,000. At the present rate of production this will be equalled in a decade. We now produce more than 80 per cent. of the world's nickel supply. Ontario claims three gold mines that rank among the first ten mines of the world in point of production. During the past year the production of silver has taken on an energetic spurt and this metal is now among the leaders in point of value. The production of copper increased during 1915 about 72 per cent. over previous years and 1916 brought even a larger production, according to incomplete government figures. Lead, zinc, iron and other minerals have shown large production increases each year for the past decade.

THE forest wealth of Canada represents as much undeveloped possibilities it is claimed, as her mines. Although $172,880,000 in forest products was the official record for 1916, government officials say that Canada has only started to develop her resources in this line. The records show average yearly cuts of almost four billion feet of lumber for 1913-14-15. Ontario and Quebec each produced something more than a billion feet yearly with New Bruns

Canada's Wonderful Story of Development Since Confederation

wick and British Columbia totaling 660 million feet each. We obtain an excellent idea of the future possibilities of this industry in the official estimate of the British Columbia government that the forests of that province contain 400 billion feet of merchantable lumber. Counting a billion feet a year as a heavy cut, British Columbia could carry on in this industry for 400 years, but the department estimates also that the natural growth of the British Columbia forests is more than a billion feet per year. So we can classify the timber wealth of the Pacific coast province as practically inexhaustible. In addition to the timber and lumber cut from Canadian forests, pulpwood is of increasing importance in the forestry industry. In 1910 only 38 per cent. of the pulpwood cut here was manufactured in Canada. In 1915 the proportion had increased to almost 60 per cent. of the cut. It is estimated that 1916 brought a further increase of at least 10 per cent. The exports of paper, pulp and pulp-wood and other manufactures of wood during the period of 1915-16 totaled almost $38,000,000. Since the war the paper pulp supply of the United States has been purchased almost exclusively in Canada.

FISHERY products have increased from $6,500,000 in 1867 to almost $36,000,000 in 1916. Our exports have increased from $4,300,000 to about $22,500,000 in the same period. Canada boasts of 5,000 miles of fishing waters on the Atlantic and 7,000 on the Pacific besides 220,000 square miles of fresh water that produces large quantity of valuable fish annually. British Columbia ranks first in this industry with a total production of more than $14,500,000. The total value of Canadian fisheries during the 50 years of Confederation is almost a billion dollars.

CANADA'S real progress and condition are perhaps best shown in her bank records. During the fifty years of Confederation the paid up bank capital has increased from $30,289,048 to $114,134,182. Bank deposits have increased during the same period from $37,678,571 to $1,305,527,634. In addition, the deposits in Post Office savings banks have increased from $204,589 to $40,008,417. The bank clearings for 1916 reached the total of 10½ billion dollars. The 8 million population in Canada added more than 900 million dollars to the bank deposits in 1911 and then increased the total 200 millions more in 1916- the increase for one year being more than five times as much as the total bank deposits at the start of Confederation. It is estimated that close to 150,000 automobiles are owned in Canada to-day and that the per-capita investment in motor cars is about $25

CANADA has responded to the demands of the Empire, in the great war in a way that demonstrates quite clearly her broad development during fifty years of Confederation. Since the start of the war Canadians have subscribed to war loans totaling 200 millions and have extended credit to Great Britain to the extent of 250 millions. More than 600 manufacturing plants have turned to the assistance of the war office and munitions orders calling for the expenditure of $550,000,000 have been turned out or are in process of manufacture here. More than 400,000 officers and men have enlisted for overseas services. The government is paying more than $2,000,000 per month in separation allowance to soldiers' dependents in addition to $13,500,000, destributed annually by the Canadian Patriotic Fund.

CANADA'S development during the past fifty years is but a shadow of the growth that is sure to come in the next fifty years. Her broad boundaries hold ample room for a population of 50 million people or more. Her agricultural possibilities are limited only by the number of people that can be put upon the land.

We have demonstrated to ourselves what we can do in manufacturing through our efforts on munitions. The future will show Canada manufacturing more and more of her own requirements. Capital has been shown that Canada's mines are worthy of heavy investment. The first years after the war undoubtedly will see many new properties developed and a large increase in Canada's mineral output. When *the war is over* and we have settled back to normal industrial life, Canada will receive an unprecedented flood of immigration. Our sons have carried the story of Canada's possibilities overseas in a way that no publicity campaign could have accomplished. Thousands of families will seek a new home within our borders. The young farmers from the States will again flock to our prairie lands. In fact our great problem during the first years after the war will be to properly assimilate the big increase in population, as it comes to us. The record made during the past fifty years is but the product of the testing or standardizing period, as the manufacturers call it. The machinery is ready; we know our materials. We know what we must do and the way to do it. When the balance is struck for the next fifty years our people doubtless will wonder that the Canada of the first fifty years was so backward. Fifty years of Confederation has demonstrated that *can* is one of the fundamentals of Canada. No matter what her problems, Canada *can* and *will* become one of the greatest commonwealths of the world in the next fifty years.

Canada and the U-Boat Problem

By Richard T. Griswold

Illustrated from Photographs

CANADA, as an equal partner in the British Empire, must face the problem of the U-boats. The answer to this problem, all the authorities agree, is new ships. The United States, recognizing the seriousness of the situation, has already made a big start toward a solution of the problem. What will Canada do?

When the Kaiser announced that his submarines had been set loose, and that they would be able to destroy ships of a million tons carrying capacity a month, most of us land lubbers read the announcement in a dazed sort of a way. In these days of billion dollar loans, we have fallen into the way of reading big figures without grasping their full meaning. If the statement of what the Kaiser hoped to accomplish through his unrestricted submarine warfare had been made in terms of a million tons of hard coal, or sixteen thousand bushels of potatoes, it might have been clearer to some of us

A million tons! What of it? Let's look up the figures and see what of it The Germans announced with an air that was all too haughty to be pleasant that by destroying a million tons of shipping per month they would be able to starve the British into defeat within a year. Taking it for granted the Huns will be able to carry out their threat, it is interesting to take a look at the figures and see just what would be the result.

At the outbreak of the war, the shipping of the world was estimated at roundly 50,000,000 tons of which total 21,000,000 tons were under British register. The losses up to February 1st of this year totalled about 4,250,000 tons of which losses Great Britain's share was almost half or 2,750,000 tons. When we stop to consider that practically all of these losses have been sustained in the fleet of merchant ships plying in the Atlantic, and that of the total of 50,000,000 tons of shipping before the war practically one-third is required for trade in the Pacific, we begin to obtain a more definite idea of what the menace of the German submarines really means.

We are an optimistic race—we English speaking people. We are of the Micawber type when it comes to facing a real crisis. We have been expecting something to turn up—some invention of a wizzard mind—that will make it possible to put a log chain around all of the submarines and yank them out of the oceans, but in the mean time—while we are basking in the sunshine of our hopes and confidences—the Huns are turning out more and more submarines and are coming all too close to their million tons per month mark.

The shipping problem is a serious one. We cannot sanely disregard it. We must do something to counterbalance the destructive work of the Hun on the high seas. Britain and her Allies must have supplies. Canada, Australia, the United States and other portions of the world must provide these supplies—and ships are the only means to carry these supplies to the mother country and to France and Italy. It is a mere academic statement that we must build ships as fast as the Germans are able to destroy them. But when we start to consider the ways and means for building this great quantity of shipping within a year—almost one-fourth of the world's total registry before the war, we discover a problem worthy of the best thought of our statesmen and captains of industry and finance.

We land lubbers—and most of us who are not closely connected with export trade and who obtain our information about shipping from the daily press may be classified under this heading—most of us think of shipping as huge bulks of steel in whose great holds thousands of tons may be stored away for transport overseas. We have been taught that these huge freighters cannot be constructed short of two years and that they require large quantities of steel, already in such demand for

use in practically all munitions and other supplies needed by the armies in France.

Before we had the big steel freighter however, we had the wooden sailing vessels. What of these? Could they not be substituted for the steel giants of the seas so costly in time and precious materials? We have hardly to turn to the ship yards of our Atlantic and Pacific coasts before we have the answer.

It has been asserted by naval authorities that wooden ships of 2,500 tons capacity, constructed on a standard pattern can be turned out in sets of ten every 90 days in fifteen or more ship-yards in different parts of Canada. That means that Canada alone could supply 150 ships with a total tonage of 375,000 tons every 90 days, or an average of more than 100,000 tons per month. The same process of manufacture has already been started in many ship-yards in the United States. Suppose the Yankees only double the production of Canada's yards in producing wooden ships, this gives a total of 300,000 tons per month. This added to the large quantity of steel shipping even now on the ways would provide enough tonnage to defeat the Hun at his own game. For the Germans, in the mere act of starting their unrestricted submarine campaign, announced to the world that if they failed to starve England, they are surely beaten and cannot hope to even retain a friend at court to assist in obtaining advantageous peace terms.

Canada is by no means a novice in the wooden ship building trade. In the days when the Fathers of Confederation were forming the great Dominion of Canada, the ship building industry was one of the leading if not the biggest in the British portion of the North American Continent. In the year 1875 the registered tonnage of Canadian built vessels was 204,000 tons, while 188,000 tons were launched that year alone. Yarmouth, N. S., became the chief ship-owning port in the world, in proportion to population. Whole communities in some of the maritime provinces went into the ship building and ship-owning business. It was by no means an uncommon thing for the cottage labourer to "take a bit of the ship" of his community, either through his labor on the craft or for her outfit.

What Canada did back in the days of Confederation she could do again on a much larger scale. Her ship building operations need not be confined to the maritimes. The St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes afford many advantageous points where wooden ships could be [illegible] together with despatch. Vancouver, Victoria, Prince Rupert and other Pacific Coast centers have already demonstrated [illegible]

wooden craft with rather astonishing speed.

Canada has material in abundance for wooden vessels on both coasts and at her lake ports. The forests of Quebec and Ontario contain enough timber to build all the ships needed. It is estimated that the forests of British Columbia contain four hundred billion feet of merchantable lumber. The largest yearly cut in these great forests of the Pacific barely reached the estimated increase through natural growth. So we see that in the matter of material Canada stands ready.

It is of interest to note the plans already under way in the United States under the direction of the Federal shipping Board. Before entering the war the Yankees were faced with the problem of getting their merchandise to Europe and a commission was appointed to investigate the situation. Immediately after the break with German, President Wilson appointed this commission as a bureau under the Department of War and Navy with powers to act. When this bureau started to work it knew that every steel ship yard from Maine to Key West and from Seattle to San Diego was loaded with orders covering the next two years; that even by using the usua Yankee driving methods of three shifts per day it would be quite out of the question to expect more than a total of a million tons per year, so they turned to wooden ship possibilities. If their plans are carried through the twelve months from November 1917 to the same months in 1918 will see something over two million tons of additional

British Columbia has demonstrated that wooden sailing ships are a practical substitute for the huge steel steamship

There are scores of places in Canada where wooden ships may be constructed

shipping turned out on Yankee ways with practically double that amount for the twelve months ending in November 1919, and mind please, this increase will be in the way of small ships. Edward Hungerford in a recent article in the Saturday Evening Post points out how these small ships will be the final answer in the defeat of the submarine menace.

"The wooden-ship plan of the Shipping Board of Washington contemplates the making of many ships of small size rather than a few ships of great size In recent years the tendency of shipbuilding has been exactly the reverse of this. The bigger the ship, the lower the cost and the greater the efficiency in operation. Ocean carriers have grown to a point where their dimensions are only limited by the sizes of piers and of slips, and of the navigable channels and the fairways of the largest of our harbors

"But economy has not been the guiding factor in the plan for the building of the host of ships. One does not count pennies when one goes to war. And, even if it were possible and practicable to make a wooden ship of thirty thousand tons burden—which it is not—so big a ship would not be constructed; for it is a fundamental of the wooden-ship plan that there shall be many vessels and that these be of as moderate a capacity as it is efficient to build and operate. Three thousand tons was placed as an ideal size. In other words, ten of the smaller ships will carry the same amount of cargo as one big steel ship of a size that began to be popular before the beginning of the war. To sink thirty thousand tons of cargo under the new plan, the Kaiser would have to take ten shots instead of one—and his gunners would have to make every single shot true to its mark

"Here, then is the crux of the entire situation; here is the place where the little ship, many times multiplied, may prove, in the present situation—in an hour when the fate of nations lies trembling in the balance—her great efficiency. With small wooden ships leaving the United States for Europe at intervals of from ninety minutes to two hours apart, night and day, during the first year of the operation of the plan, and at intervals of from thirty to sixty minutes every day during the second year, it must be a submarine warfare far more marvelously perfect than the present one that is going to keep our Allies overseas from their food, their fresh troops and their munitions

"'The fundamental of the plan,' begins one of the men who has perfected it, rests in the fact that it calls for a standardized ship instead of a special one. This makes for infinite simplicity in the construction

"'You understand. Ships can and should be standardized, like automobiles and railroad freight cars, whose very parts are systematized and standardized, even to their nomenclature

And the wooden ships are not only to be standardized,' continues your informant, 'limited in their designs to two or at the most three types, but they can be built out of standard mill-length or lumberyard timber sizes; built by carpenters if necessary. For these new ships are not going to look any more like the clipper ships of half a century ago than a locomotive of today looks like an old-time stagecoach. These are steamships—oil-burners, in order to make for a small economical crew. Each vessel can be completely manned by a crew of from twenty-five to thirty-five men.'"

At a recent session of the provincial parliament at Halifax it was declared that the only limit upon wooden ship building in the various ports of that province was the quantity of labor available. There are yet many survivors of the shipbuilders trade in the maritime provinces and many worthy sons of those sires who made the shipping trade such a prominent one in the Maritimes less than fifty years back.

But the building of ships, as outlined by the head of the shipping board of the United States, no longer requires such technical skill. Given a standardized pattern, the proper materials and machinery and the construction of wooden ships becomes but a matter of labor, quite as ordinary as that of constructing a mill or a factory or an elevator. The manufacture of parts of such standardized ships can be handled in specialized mills—some mills working on ribs, some on planking, some on

Canada has material in abundance for wooden ships on both coasts and at her lake ports

There are many survivors of the shipbuilders' trade in the Maritime Provinces and many worthy sons of these sires who made the shipping trade such a prominent one less than fifty years back

other parts. The problem of turning out shells by the thousands is certainly more difficult than the manufacture of the dimensions of ships, Canada has demonstrated that she can hold her own with the rest of the world in the manufacture of shells of all kinds.

So the problem of how Canada can help solve the U-Boat menace resolves itself into one of labor. J. Ross Robertson, editor of the Toronto Telegram and one of the most far-sighted thinkers of the Dominion says the answer to this problem is conscription. He points out that the shipping problem facing the Empire to-day is just as important as that of shell making when the war started. "Why not conscription for ship building as well as conscription for shooting? What earthly use is National Service registration?" He says that many of those who have been rejected for overseas service could be engaged profitably in ship building.

The labor problem is one of organization of the proper sort under government regulation. Ship building is of such pressing importance that it must come under government supervision. Canada should make the most of her opportunity to help to defeat the last stand of the Germans with their U-boats. Several of our provincial governments have taken up the problem of shipping and have provided financial assistance to private enterprise. The ship building problem must be handled through a complete organization just as the matter of producing munitions was worked out upon a basis of efficiency. The munition problem was considered of enough importance to require a special minister in the Premier's cabinet. Why not a Minister of Shipping as well? Canada's great showing in munition production was brought about by a Federal Board composed of the leading men of our industrial world. The ship building problem should receive the same attention.

From an economic view point a large increase in Canadian shipping is an absolute necessity. This necessity would remain even if the war were to end to-day. With the possibility that it will continue for a year or more and that the activities of the German U-boats will continue as during the past four months, delay in getting started on ship construction work on the largest possible scale is dangerous.

Great Britain and her allies will require great quantities of our raw material and merchandise for a number of years after the war. We must have ships to transport these materials. Canada's future lies in her agricultural productions. The markets of Europe will be open to her. But before she can grasp these opportunities she must have the means of making deliveries. Our neighbors to the South are reaching out to grasp these world markets. Canada *can*! It is up to the Government to supply the *will*!

The Gregory Morton Mystery

By Charles Cabot

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

CHAPTER XXV

THE TEMPER OF THE TOOL

FOR an instant Virginia's eyes sought my face. Then, as if she had read it at a glance, she turned back to the doctor's, the face which still wore that half-smiling, half-mocking look. In her own I could see the suspicion, the incredulous horror, which I felt myself.

Like the pieces in a kaleidoscope, the doctor's actions during the past few hours flashed into a new and sinister pattern. He had argued against my calling the police. He had drugged Mr. Heatherfield. He had withdrawn Virginia and me into the next room, where he had led us to expect that the attack would be directed.

Had it not been for my acute hearing, the robbery could have been carried out successfully, and neither of us would have been any the wiser till morning. Then the doctor would have appeared as astonished as we were.

All that went through my mind in the single instant before Virginia could gasp out the words:

"You! You! Our friend!"

The sound of her voice had the effect of instantly releasing the doctor's grip upon my arm, and at the same time it galvanized me into action. Dropping my stick, I sprang to the fireplace and tugged madly at the iron door. My utmost efforts made no impression upon it. Evidently it had been caught upon the other side.

Without waiting to recover my stick, I dashed past Virginia and the doctor, out into the corridor, and down the stairs. I was weaponless, but I was incarnated beyond the need for weapons.

A light from the room below streamed out on the landing. I was still in time to redeem the doctor's treachery. Some saving instinct of caution led me to check my rush two or three steps above the landing. Oddly enough, the thing that came into my mind was the promise I had once made the doctor—that I would not again permit myself to be pinioned from behind.

My pause had been for only the barest instant but it was long enough for me to cast a sharp glance into the dark corner of the landing—long enough to reveal to me, huddled against the wall, the figure of a man.

He was waiting for me to turn my back upon him, as I should have to do in order to enter Duggleby's room.

In the next room I could hear the doctor at the piano playing a soft melody

I turned my back as though I had seen nothing, and halted a moment, peering into the lighted room as if half afraid to enter. I knew how long I could wait. It was not until the stealthy footfall sounded just behind me—until I felt the faint stir of a man's breath on the back of my neck, that I whirled around.

It was with a wild, savage joy that I grappled with him, that I felt his body turn limp in my arms; that I whirled him aloft in the air as if he had been no more than a mere bundle of straw.

For one instant I held him there, and then with all my strength I hurled him crashing down the stairs. The man's yell of terror split the air. There was a muffled sort of crash as his body struck the stones, and after that a sort of moaning silence.

That was one of them—which one, I did not know.

I turned away from the stairhead, and none too soon. A man's figure stood at the lighted doorway, arm [illegible] of striking a blow at my head with a heavy bludgeon.

I threw up my arm and stepped a little to one side. The stick fell on my forearm and broke it. But before the man in the doorway could strike again, with a dry sob of rage I closed with him. The man was Duggleby! My rush bore him backward into the room, where we toppled over on the floor together. I was on top of him, and I had his neck in the crook of my right elbow. Had he not held me so close, I think I could have broken it.

The next instant, however, he shifted his grip a little, and his right hand got hold of my helpless arm. Then I suppose I must have fainted with the pain.

The next thing I knew I was sitting in a chair, my wrists, knees and ankles bound to it, while a stout strap around my chest held me so tight to the back of the chair that I could

scarcely breathe. My head was the only part of my body that I could move at all.

The sharp, shooting pain in my left arm may have helped to restore me to full consciousness, but a moment later I forgot all about it, in my interest in the scene before my eyes.

Morton, his clothing black with soot, his eyes shining with the excitement of successful achievement, came out of the inner room, the room which corresponded to Mr. Heatherfield's on the floor above.

"I stuck in that chimney on the way down," he said, "and thought I should never get out. But here's what I went for."

Then for the first time his eyes fell upon me. His look expressed nothing at first but the most complete astonishment.

"How in the world—" he began.

Then he laughed. He had not looked at Duggleby after handing him the paper. Presently he spoke to me in French:

"Well," he said, "thanks to you, we have made a pretty complete job of it."

My own eyes were on Duggleby. At the sound of the words he did not understand, he looked up from the envelope whose contents he was just about to examine, and shot a look of undisguised anger and suspicion at his confederate.

"Shut up," he said, "if you can't talk English."

Then his eyes returned to the sheet of paper he held in his hand.

For a moment he gazed at it with a puzzled look, which deepened as he went on toward the end. Then, in two strides, he crossed the room to a little side-table. With an impatient jerk he opened the drawer, drew out some blank paper, and seemed to be comparing it with the sheets he held in his hand. Then he whirled around, his face black with rage. Seizing the unsuspecting Morton by the throat, he shook him as a dog shakes a rat.

"You cowardly fool," he said in a voice of such concentrated passion as I have seldom heard, "haven't you even the honor of a thief?"

No man could speak with the pressure of those hands at his throat; and seeming to realize this, even in his rage, Duggleby released the man with a contemptuous thrust which sent him sprawling in a heap on the floor.

"You thought to trick me, did you?" said he.

Morton was still on the floor, fumbling at his throat.

"Are you out of your mind?" he asked. "Why are you trying to murder me? I did what you asked me to."

He started to rise, but Duggleby made another threatening gesture and he sank back on the floor.

"For Heaven's sake," he said, with an effort, "don't kill me! I swear I don't know what you mean."

"Well, I'll tell you what I mean," said Duggleby.

His voice was clearer now; he seemed to be conquering the overmastering impulse of rage which had first swept over him.

"Get up! Don't lie sprawling there! I sha'n't hurt you until you give me cause. Now, then," he went on as the man scrambled to his feet, "you have played a clever trick, or it would have been clever if you had known enough to carry it out. You didn't see any reason why you couldn't keep the formulae you stole from Heatherfield and palm off on me something you made up out of your own head.

"Hand me the papers you stole from Heatherfield."

"But I haven't got them," said Morton in a tone of undisguised terror. "Search my clothes if you don't believe me."

"That's what I am going to do," returned Duggleby grimly.

But I could see that he was somewhat taken aback by the man's persistence. Morton's words had so unmistakable a ring of truth that I think neither of us was greatly surprised when the search proved fruitless. There was a moment of silence when it was concluded before Morton spoke.

"Will you let me see those papers a moment?" he asked.

Virginia had lighted a candle and followed him half way down, still suspecting him.

Rather grudgingly, Duggleby handed them to him

"They are written on the same kind of paper as that in the drawer, all right," he said, "but I suppose that there is more paper of the same kind in other table-drawers in this hotel. I didn't write it. I don't know anything about chemistry. I don't say that if I had, and if I had thought of the trick, I shouldn't have tried to play it."

Duggleby sat down astride a chair, his elbows resting on the back of it, and turned an abstracted gaze upon me. It was rather uncanny to reflect what thoughts were passing through his head. Unless I had altogether mistaken his character, he was probably deciding whether or not to murder me in cold blood as I sat there, helpless, before him.

The considerations which would govern his action were precisely the same sort that might lead him to sacrifice a bishop in a game of chess. Oddly enough, when he spoke, he adopted precisely the figure of speech I had in mind.

"Well," said he, "I think I will try an exchange of pieces."

Then his whole manner changed as he turned to Morton. It became rough, insulting, contemptuous.

"Now you," he said, "listen to me, and listen well. All that you may get on this job and all that you may lose, which includes that good-for-nothing life of yours, will depend on how successfully you carry out my instructions."

It occurred to me here that he was not playing his game well. The man he addressed was certainly a contemptible creature; he had sold himself, body and soul, to his present employer. At the same time he probably had human feelings left in him. He had been savagely assaulted and insulted within the last half hour, and entirely without cause. I began to wonder and to hope a little when I saw the smoldering resentment in his face.

CHAPTER XXVI.

I SEE MY SHADOW.

HE got to his feet submissively enough, however, when Duggleby addressed him, and stood waiting for his instructions.

"You are going on an embassy," said Duggleby. "Make yourself look as respectable as possible. You are to go up-stairs and knock at the door and say that you have a message from me to Miss Heatherfield. Miss Heatherfield, I may say, attaches an immense and wholly fictitious importance to the continued existence of this gentleman."

He nodded at me and grinned sardonically.

"Mr. Andrew Meiklejohn, I believe his name is; at least, that is one of his names, though not his present *alias*."

He paused there, just a second, merely in the hope, I think, of drawing me into a reply. I said nothing, however, and he went on.

"In the language of romance, Miss Heatherfield is in love with him. I think she will listen to the message I am sending her. You will describe to her this young man's present condition, his evident helplessness in our hands. You will offer her a chance to buy his release. We will sell him to her at a bargain—for so modest a price as her father's formulae.

"But they must be the real ones this time. No more of that French doctor's flights of fancy. When I get them in my hand, I personally will set this young man free. Now go."

The smile with which he accompanied the last words was absolutely hideous. I knew in what sinister sense he was planning to carry out his promise.

"Yes," he said, "you are right about it. You know I am going to kill you, but you're thinking that, after all, you would rather be in your shoes than in mine. As I say, you are right."

Sitting there, bound hand and foot, waiting only for the moment that suited his pleasure, to be brained with the bludgeon which lay on the floor at his feet, I felt the chill and the nausea of crude terror assail me. I felt the sweat gather on my forehead and run down into my eyes. All the while my inner self was saying: "If he will only wait! That will give me another minute of life. The doctor must come soon."

CONSCRIPTION

Every family in Canada has a vital interest in the conscription measure now under consideration at Ottawa.

In the next issue of CANADA MONTHLY will appear an article on this subject which should be read by every patriotic Canadian.

He whirled round upon me as the voice finished it [illegible] with a puzzled look in his haunted eyes. He flung out his hands with a strange impulsive gesture:

"But, great Heavens, Morton!" he cried. "What else is there left to me? What can I do but play it out?"

And then I knew!

"Great Heavens, Morton!" [illegible] words and the impulsive, [illegible] gesture that went with them [illegible] my miracle, the miracle I de[illegible] I had found myself! The [illegible] pened absolutely instantaneously. moment it was not, [illegible] complete. [illegible] re[illegible] fact. Somehow in the extremity of [illegible] the long interrupted current flashed round its circuit again.

The thing that makes a man himself; the knowledge that I was I; the vivid electric spark of [illegible] across the poles of my co[illegible]

I was Christopher Morton [illegible] ed him—possessed the total [illegible] him!

I did not try to remember. Now in the illumination of that moment I even forgot the fear of death. I was a man now and not a ghost.

I hope never again to see a face utterly convulsed with horror. Duggleby's was as he strode toward me with the weapon in his hand. But there was determination in it too. I knew he would not fail. I shut my eyes.

Then at the beginning of that period of time which I believed to be my last this side of eternity, I heard my friend's voice—the voice of the French doctor ring like a trumpet from the doorway.

"Stand where you are!" he cried.

I opened my eyes and could scarcely believe the sight they reported to me. They were still fixed on Duggleby's face and he in turn was looking toward the doorway. As I watched, I saw the horrible convulsion of passion disappear. In its place came a look of indescribable relief.

"Thank God!" I heard him gasp. "It's over."

Then, to make my amazement complete, he seemed to be rallying himself for a final effort, drawing himself erect with a smile on his lips. So he stood while one might count, perhaps a score. Then silently, and with the unexpectedness of a panther's spring, he swung his bludgeon in the air and rushed upon the doctor.

He was rushing to certain death. The doctor had him covered with a revolver, and the hand that held it never faltered. He fired in time, but only barely in time, to check the mad rush.

True to his strange purpose, whatever it was, Duggleby played the game

out quite to the end. After the impact of the bullet had staggered him, he put what was left of his strength into a blind, ill-directed blow with his cudgel at the doctor's head. The cudgel clattered harmlessly on the floor, the man reeled a moment and then he too fell.

It all happened so quickly that the roar of the report was still echoing in the low, thick-walled room. That roaring echo with the acrid smell of smoke which stung my nostrils, was the last thing I remember. For the second time that night I fainted.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHAT HAPPENED UP-STAIRS.

THE next thing I was conscious of was the feathery touch, first on one eyelid and then on the other, of a pair of warm lips. How they brought the past back to me! I lay quite still [illegible] hoping the caress might be repeated. I [illegible] the doctor seated at the piano in the next room, playing a soft melody.

There was a curious lassitude upon me, a sort of warm, placid contentment. I wanted time and the world to move slowly for a while. I was lying on a couch, and I was aware that my arm was tightly bandaged in splints, and that I was scarcely aware of the pain.

The soft touch of those lips that I was waiting for was not repeated and I wanted to see Virginia; so I opened my eyes.

There was much to say, much to explain between us, but for the moment I was content to let all explanations wait. Even my great discovery, my miracle, faded to unimportance as I gazed at her. I smiled at her faintly, almost lazily, and at that the color became vivid in her cheeks.

"Oh," she said, "then—then you do forgive me, after all?"

"I was about to ask if you did," said I, "had I not seen the answer in your face. But have I something to forgive you for?"

"It was my fault," she said, "that you were left to go down there alone—my fault that you so nearly lost your life. That's a good deal to forgive, isn't it? Did you think we had deserted you utterly?"

"To tell the truth," said I, "I hadn't time to think much about it. If there was any fault, it was all my own. But I am curious to know what happened up here while Duggleby and I were having our little scene down-stairs."

Virginia, it seemed, had joined the doctor and me in the doorway in time to see the man disappear down the trap with the envelope which she supposed contained the precious secret. Seeing us standing there, making no move to prevent his escape, for one wild instant she had believed both of us to be parties to the conspiracy by which her father had been betrayed.

Her single glance at my face cleared me instantly, and her suspicion concentrated itself on the doctor. She was, of course, as madly excited as I was.

When I rushed from the room she felt no more fear for my safety than I felt myself. I was going to recover her father's secret and punish the thieves who had stolen it.

The doctor crept softly down stairs after a few minutes, stole a glimpse through the open door, saw me strapped in my chair, and heard the conversation between Duggleby and Morton. Viginia had lighted a candle and followed him half way down, still suspecting him and anxious to learn the reason for his following me.

It was the doctor's footfall returning upstairs that I had heard just before Morton started on his mission. The doctor was satisfied that for the next few minutes, at least, I was safe from violence. Duggleby, he calculated, would make no further move until Morton returned.

The insolence with which Duggleby had treated his emissary had given rise in the doctor's mind to the same thought which had occurred to me; namely, that it might be possible to induce the man to turn against his employer.

When Morton reached the head of the stairs, the door to our sitting-room swung open, before he had time to knock; and the doctor, with that ironical courtesy of which he was master, invited him to sit down.

"Now, *monsieur*," he said, "don't you think that you have done as much as an agent, however conscientious, could be expected to do for his principal? He is an absolutely desperate man. He is fighting like a rat in a corner, simply because he has nothing left to do. You have already risked much for him.

"That affair in the railway station at Tours alone would mean a long sentence at hard labor. Another step—another single step, such as he will require of you when you report to him that your mission has failed—will put you in danger of the guillotine. And you are not in his situation, *monsieur*. You have an alternative."

The fellow's face was purple, and his lips were trembling so that he could hardly speak.

"What do you mean?" he asked harshly.

"I mean," said the doctor, "if I may make the suggestion without offense, that the time has come for you to change sides—to make terms with us."

"And let you turn me over to the police at your leuisre?" said the man, trying to summon a sneer. "I can imagine what your terms would be."

"Indeed," said the doctor, "you will have to trust to our bare word, mine and that of this young lady. But don't you think that is as safe a thing to trust to as the good faith of your present employer?" And he added, more vehemently:

"Why, man, he would sacrifice you as he would sacrifice a stick that was broken in his hand. He has planned to sacrifice you already. It offers him his one hope of escape."

At that the fellow collapsed utterly, dropped into a chair, and buried his face in his hands. He was of no mettle for such work as this. Suddenly he looked up at the doctor.

"You will have to be quick," he said thickly. "He meant to kill him, anyway. He may have done it already."

He pulled the revolver from his pocket and thrust it into the doctor's hands.

"Quick, quick!" he urged.

As we have seen, his warning was given none too soon.

He sank back limply in his chair and remained huddled there until he and Virginia were startled by the report of the pistol in the room below.

"And then," said Virginia, concluding her narrative, "he sprang to his feet and went clattering down the stairs. I almost hope that he may succeed in getting away. I never saw such terror in a man's face."

"Poor Morton!" I commented, "he didn't belong in this sort of affair."

"Don't call him that," she said quickly. "That's your own name, you know."

"Yes," said I, "but it happens to be his, too. He's my cousin; so far as I know, the only living relative that I possess."

I was not looking at her as I spoke. My eyes, in dreamy retrospect, were gazing out of the window, and I continued talking in that mood for a little while, unconscious of the effect my words must be having upon her.

"He has the misfortune to be the black sheep of the family," I was saying. "My father tried again and again to make something of him, but always failed. Possibly he didn't understand him very well. Finally he ordered an allowance paid him by his London solicitors and washed his hands of him. He used to appeal to my mother and me every little while to be helped out of scrapes, financial and otherwise. There was no serious harm in him until he fell into the hands of that young devil of a [illegible]."

While I talked on, unconscious, Virginia had been gazing at me in growing

Continued on page 155

Conscription in the U. S. A.

What the Press Has to Say of Uncle Sam's Call to Ten Million Men

"THEY will never be able to put over the conscription idea in the United States," and "The Yankees will revolt against the government before they will submit to having an army raised by conscription," were among the declarations heard on many sides when President Wilson first announced that the United States would abandon the voluntary system and raise its quota of men for overseas through selective conscription. It is interesting to note therefore what the press of the States has to say of registration and the results obtained. The *Chicago Herald* deals with the new situation as follows:

"The nation has stirred; the nation has taken this step. They say that we have not heard the thunder of the guns; that we shall realize we are in war only when the black list of casualties fill our newspapers. They are wrong. We know now that we are at war, and why we are at war. Our eyes are open; we have seen a vision. Not otherwise, God knows, could we have acted.

"Our young men have done what had to be done. A few, perhaps, believed it evil in itself; many, it may be, regretted that the responsibility fell on them. But everywhere, over millions of square miles of territory, they came forward as they were commanded, each answering his 'Here!' to the incomparable roll-call.

"Other nations have submitted to the draft? Yes, where their men were bred to it from infancy. The United States has used the draft before? Yes, after years of hesitation. But this draft nothing before has ever paralleled. . . . . .

"But if this was the act of the nation, what was the reason of the nation? . . . . .

"We had to go to war. There was no way out, unless we accepted brutality for reason, horror as a bedfellow, the black flag at the masthead, emperors as anarchs, humanity as a fable, and our own final shame. The spirit of good faith to civilization, and that only, could move our mass; and when we accepted the draft we accepted it in that spirit.

"If this has been our action and our motive, what is our responsibility? To see that this great thing shall not result in failure. We—the nation—do not follow the flag. The flag follows us. Where shall we lead it? How shall we serve those men called to serve us? As they have registered, so we must register ourselves, each in his measure. Who was drafted yesterday? Ten million? A hundred million! We drafted ourselves: and in our service there are no exemptions."

The New York *Sun* points out that the politician who, three years ago, prophesied that the United States would adopt the selective draft measure as a method of raising an army, would have been declared a mad man. The Yankees, the *Sun* says, were afraid of the "aristocracy of the army of the immeasurable gulf between officers and men, and of the arrogance of the shoulder-strapped snob toward the civilian class. Only now are they beginning to understand that where every one is liable to service there can be [illegible] by side in the ranks, the more influential father will see to it that official arrogance shall be curbed.

"Conscription has been resorted to as a war measure, but out of it will inevitably develop a system of universal military service that will prove the most nationalizing and democratizing force ever operative in the United States."

Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Ledger

It Can't Be Done

The Philadelphia *North American* points out that the registration of ten million young men for service in the army marked the real entrance of the nation into the war:

"This registration of all citizens designated as eligible for military service, as preliminary to a selective draft, is more than remarkable; it is, we believe, unique, because no other nation ever put into effect compulsory service under these circumstances. Conscription has been in force in several countries for many years; others have adopted it in the midst of war, as was done by the Confederacy and the Federal Government half a century ago and by Great Britain in this conflict; but this is the first time that a people has made it an original part of a war-program."

Sykes in Cleveland Press

Bryan's Springers

"When the country calls a million young men will spring to arms." Bryan.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* points out that this will be the first army ever selected by a real draft method:

"No man can buy immunity from our modern draft as men bought immunity from the draft of 1863. It affects all alike, the rich as well as the poor, the educated as well as the ignorant. The application of it will do more than anything else to build up and strengthen the truly national spirit without which the successful prosecution of the war to which we have committed ourselves would be impracticable

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

Fine Chance He Has of Stopping the Draft!

It is likewise interesting to note a statement issued by the Federal Government's Committee on Public Information, dealing with the facts as presented in the early returns from the registration.

"Two facts appear from the early registration figures, although complete returns have been received from but few States. These are that thus far the total registration is running below the Census Bureau's estimates of the number of males within the registration ages; the other is that over 50 per cent. of the registered men come under the classifications "indicating" exemptions.

"This does not mean that this proportion will be exempt. It is only a convenient tabulation of information which is desired. Who will be exempt and who will not be can not be known until the President has promulgated the regulations covering exemptions."

Three Lives

By
Robert E. Hewes

Illustrated by
F. D. Schook

"Poor Bert," he mused, "if he had only staid a little longer, he would have shared the find"

BERT MOHN threw his pick to the ground in disgust. "Hang this country and everything in it!" he growled, slapping his ear in an effort to annihilate a flea which hummed insistently around that member.

"What's th' matter with you now?" questioned Thorne, brushing his hat on his sleeve.

"Nothin' ain't the matter," growled Bert; "nothin' at all, 'ceptin' that we've been a picking and scratching at th' earth's countenance for five weeks without seein' so much as color."

"All that is part of th' game," replied Thorne philosophically. We're bound to strike gold afore long. All we got to do is to go careful like, and—"

"Yes," broke in Bert. "You're allus so damn careful. As careful as a Piute stalking a bottle of firewater."

"Why," he continued, "ef you was to start for Montana to-morrow, you'd be so long a gettin' there that when you arrived you wouldn't have time to dig for gold, you'd have to hustle around prospectin' for a suitable grave stone."

"Mebbe so, but as I ain't cal'lating on goin' to Montany anyways soon, there ain't no— Say! what the h—!" he broke off, as Bert's hand fell to his gun.

"Buzz your tail, will you, you dirty varment!" Bert's gun flashed from its holster and roared, in the twinkling [illegible]

The rattler, coiled on the sand a few feet away, still buzzed assiduously.

"Now," said Thorne, drawing his Colts, "you might have hit that snake, ef you'd been careful." Slowly sighting, he fired. The rattler's head, severed, flew several feet along the ground before it fell, the eyes glaring at its body, writhing in the sand.

Bert jammed his gun back in its holster and walked over to the burro which stood regarding the proceeding with ears cocked forward. Taking a small piece of canvas from the pack, Bert spread it on the ground, then laid a couple of cans of beans and a piece of bread in the center, rolled it up and tied the bundle with a piece of thong leather.

Thorne had watched him in silence. "What th' devil you goin' to do now?" he questioned.

"I'm goin' to hot-foot it for Montana," replied Bert. "You can stay in this hellish country, if you want to; but I can't get out of it too soon. I've got enough grub in this bundle to take me to Neil's ranch, where I can get a horse. You can pay me for my share in the outfit when you make that find," he added sarcastically. "So long."

Thorne sat down weakly on a stone. "Say, Bert, you ain't really goin', are you?" But Bert did not hear. He had already vanished around a turn in the creek bed.

"Well, ef that wouldn't make a mustang blink," said Thorne, addressing the burro. "Here he makes up his mind that he's a goin'—and what's more, he goes all afore I knowed he was thinking of so much as moving his boots. Well," he added, picking up the pick which Bert had dropped, "he was allers kind o' queer. But he was a good pardner."

Bert's impromptu departure was characteristic of the man. His entering into partnership with Thorne had been just as impulsive. And the man with whom at that time he had made arrangements to go to Texas has been just as surprised at his change of plans as Thorne now was.

In the days when the gold fever was at its height, it was considered a virtue for a man to think quickly and act quickly. If he was otherwise than quick, he lived but a short while. Of course, there were exceptions, but these men lived because of the fact that they shied at all trouble, and were careful to keep out of the quick man's way. The men with slow guns were in a lowered class by themselves.

Thorne was one of the "exceptional" men, and was one of the slowest gun jugglers.

Bert was one of the quickest; but he has nothing more to do with this tale.

Thorne went back to his work and soon was industriously hacking at the rocks. He had the burro's lead rope tied to his wrist, pulling him along in a manner which the burro resented. H

"Him fin' gold in hills. You keep him here to-night, an' morrer me fin' it—jump um claim"

would have preferred to lie down; but Thorne wandered from one pile of rock to another, sometimes leading, sometimes dragging the balky animal.

In many places it was plain at a glance that the quartz was worthless but he examined it all with minute care.

At noon he stopped at a grassy spot. After letting the burro loose to graze, he ate a snack of lunch and drank from his canteen. The length of time he devoted to this was too short for the burro's liking.

It was in the middle of the afternoon, when Thorne was working around a ledge of rock near the creek, that he found a piece of quartz which showed color.

He had often found as good prospects before, but instinctively he felt that this was going to be different. He worked feverishly, and found that the color rock led along the ledge for a considerable distance. In fact, as he proceeded further the color became deeper.

Once he stopped. The burro had grown determined to stay where he was, and it took all of Thorne's strength to convince him that he could not.

Shortly after, he drove his pick into a crevice and worked loose a small chunk of quartz.

When he had picked it up his eyes bulged. In the quartz were two tiny nuggets of gold, which blazed against the darker color of the rock like bits of fire. The hole from which the chunk had been dislodged was specked with little flakes of the yellow metal.

Lord!" gasped Thorne. He turned and looked behind him, fearful lest some one had seen, then dropped the piece of quartz into his pocket. After fitting another piece of stone into the hole very carefully, he sat down and started to fill his pipe.

The devil!" he exclaimed springing up again. So engrossed had he been in his work that he had not noticed the flight of time. The sun had now disappeared and twilight was settling over the land.

He led the burro to a spring which trickled down the slope for a short distance, only to be swallowed up by the sand. After the animal had drunk its fill he tethered it to a large rock. Gathering a few dry sticks he built a small fire, then relieving the burro of the pack he took a pail and a tin dipper. After digging to the depths of the duffle for his provision bag, he prepared to cook his supper.

The lightness of the provision bag surprised and annoyed him. However, he made the best of it philosophically.

He sat down by the fire and lighted his pipe with a coal. He never could think unless he was smoking, and he could never smoke without feeling thoughtful.

"Poor Bert," he mused. Less than ten hours ago his partner had left for countries and fortunes unknown, and here Thorne was a rich man. "If he had only staid a little longer, he would have shared the find," said Thorne to himself. "And the troubles too," he added.

Suddenly he straightened in surprise. "Why, I'll be durned if—No; it can't be. Yes; by the devil it's the Twin hills!" Outlined against the sky he could dimly see the two tall hills from which the region derived its name.

The hills were famous because of the number of mines that had been discovered in the vicinity. The mines had almost invariably been exhausted quickly, but not before they had enriched their owners. The hills had been prospected over by droves of miners. All left with the knowledge that there was a great lode hidden somewhere, but without the pleasure of having found it.

Thorne's careful methods had proved successful. By his minute following of the ledge, he had found what scores had searched for vainly.

These hills also had the reputation

of being the bloodiest mining region in the country. Many a man had died there in the rushes and the fights which had always followed the finding of a "strike."

"Old Mur" Raton had been the last to work a claim here. But not before he had killed a few querulous persons who had engaged in a lively dispute as to the dividing of the claim, which a wandering Indian had found, only to "drown" a few days later. Old Mur had come along as the dispute waxed hot and obligingly settled the matter by shooting such of the claimants as he could find and taking charge of the claim himself.

The wealth he accumulated proved fatal, however, for it permitted him to drink all the whiskey he wanted—which was more than was goood for him. And the result was that he was buried in his mine, after both it and himself had "run out."

It was also Old Mur who had once said: "For every strike made in the hills, Nature demands a price of three human lives," which saying so far had proved only too true.

Thorne had heard Mur utter the words, and he now recalled them. "I hope to th' Lord they don't have to be a killin' time over my claim," he muttered.

He took his Colt and looked it over carefully. To jump Thorne's claim would mean first to contend with one of the most accurate, if not the quickest, guns in the country. Thorne had never shot at a man, and he did not want to; but despite his retiring nature he never backed out of a deal. And he knew that it was a somewhat dangerous thing for a man to own a mine in the hills.

"'Spose I orter stake my claim tomorrer," he mused. "No, I won't neither. I've got to go to Golder's for grub, and I want to go about this staking business careful like. Reckon most people 'd call me a fool for not doin' it right off. But I guess it can wait. Nobody knows—"

He started and drew his gun nervously. After listening intently, he again heard the sound which had disturbed him. Quickly he drew back from the firelight. Just then the moon came out from behind the clouds, showing him the burro walking on a patch of gravel which rattled against his hoofs.

Reassured, Thorne went back to the fire. A little while later he put out the fire and rolled up in his blanket for a night's rest.

"Feathers" lay concealed on the top of a ridge, closely watching the man on the level below. What he was up to was beyond Feathers's knowledge. He walked over a small area of ground several times, looking carefully at the rock. Finally he squatted on the ground and seemed to be sighting over a small stick. "Umph!" grunted Feathers. He had seen men do that before, when they were choosing one of the lines for a claim.

The man arose and looked around. He put his hand in his pocket and brought forth a grayish looking lump. As he turned it in his hand the sun glittered and flashed from it. Feathers's eyes bulged. He drew back behind the stone from which he had been watching. "Gold!" he grunted. "Umph. White man find vein." Hungrily he eyed the blazing piece of quartz.

The sun was climbing in the sky. The prospector dropped the rock into his pocket and, taking the burro's lead rope, walked away down the gulch.

After he had disappeared, Feathers left his place of concealment on the ridge and inspected the spot from which the sighting had been done. "Umph," he grunted. "May be um vein, but it take long while to find um."

Giving up the search, he turned and followed the man and the burro.

Feathers was a wandering Piute who spent part of his time at Golder's and employed the rest in straying around the surrounding country. If there was

"Killed Seven did you?" he roared. "Seven was my pal, an' it's up to me to kill you"

trouble in the air, he was sure to follow the scent, looking for a chance to gather any salvage that might result. Like the usual "bad Indian," he was in the habit of appearing unexpectedly wherever he was least wanted. When he returned from his trips, he usually had enough guns, boots, cooking utensils, and other miscellaneous articles to raise the money to keep himself supplied with whiskey for several days. How he obtained them, nobody questioned. But everybody knew that it was not by honest means. Honesty was not a habit of the Piutes around that locality. One Golder's citizen remarked that "Th' blamed Injuns 'ud leave a chanct to earn an honest dollar, ef they seen the slightest poss'bility of grabbin' a crooked un—even ef they had to do twicet as much work to get th' crooked un."

Many an unwary prospector struck Golder's with woeful stories of looted packs, and a few had seen an Indian hovering about whom they strongly subpected; some vowed to kill the next one they came across, for revenge.

But such a chance as now presented itself to Feathers he rarely found. As he trudged along, his mind was working to find some not too dangerous way of "jumping" the claim.

At noon the man stopped to eat some lunch. Feathers had no lunch to eat, but he lay behind a boulder and patiently watched

Again the man resumed his journey, and Feathers followed. All afternoon they pushed steadily on. It was with thankful eyes that the prospector saw the lights of Golder's, and it was with an evil smile that Feathers likewise beheld them. To the former they meant rest and then business. To the latter the hatching of evil plots.

Curry's was crowded. It was always crowded, for that matter; but this night it was more crowded than usual. Play at the roulette wheel ran high; many tables held their stacks of chips and gold pieces, and, not infrequently, tiny bags of gold dust; three barkeepers were pouring drinks with a speed which they probably did not entirely enjoy, but which made the owner's smile one of satisfaction.

Curry's was so named after the notorious Jim Curry. He had casually dropped in once during the earlier days of the establishment and in the course of his visit had given an exhibition of fancy shooting which the owner did not appreciate. This, at least, was what the old inhabitants said. Whether Curry ever had, in reality, wandered so far from his usual haunts, the new generation did not know or care. They had enough trouble with live bad men, without concerning themselves about dead ones. Curry's was the only saloon in Golder's. Two others had attempted to start at different times; but both times, enthusiastic patrons of Curry's had strolled in, and, upon finding that the barkeeper could not mix certain drinks of which they professed to be fond, did things with their six-guns in such a reckless and unfeeling manner that the discouraged owner grabbed his extra shirt, (if he had one,) and wearily made for the horizon.

While the revelry was at its height, the door opened, and Thorne came in. Shortly after, Feathers entered. He glanced over the crowd hastily, then seeing the person he sought, he glided over to him and led him to an adjoining room

The man Feathers accosted was "Seven" Conners, one of the toughest men in the camp, who felt slighted if not a participant in any trouble that might happen along

"Where from, Feathers?" he asked, as the Indian closed the door.

"Me come from hills," shortly answered Feathers. "You see him Thorne in there?"

"What about him?"

The Indian lowered his voice, although there was little danger of being overheard.

"Him fin' gold in hills. You keep him here to-night, an' 'morrer me fin' it—jump um claim."

"By God, Feathers, you're a reg'lar tooter! I'll keep him. Where—" But the Indian had already vanished. Seven turned and walked back to the main room and approached Thorne.

Meanwhile Thorne had edged his way to the bar, where he ordered a drink and swallowed it. Producing the piece of quartz from his pocket, he tossed it on the bar. "What's the worth of it, Sam?"

The barkeeper picked it up, then almost let it fall again, in surprise. "Great guns, Thorne, where'd you get that! Why, this bit is worth an easy fifty." The glitter of the gold had caught many eyes, and a gaping group was quickly formed around Thorne.

At this moment, Seven came up. "Greetun's, Thorne," he said. He suddenly stopped as he saw the gold. "By Jupiter, you've struck it rich!"

"Ya—as," drawled Thorne; "I reckon it's about as fine a lode as is usu'lly discovered. Give us the drinks on it, Sam," he ordered. "Everybody, name yore choice."

Most of the group took their glass of whiskey at a gulp. Thorne drank his slowly and carefully. It was his fourth glassfull since coming in—as much as he usually drank in two hours.

Seven had probably absorbed ten drinks within the last half hour; he was acquiring his usual drunken demeanor.

"Foun' it in th' hills, eh? Now, jes' what part was it?"

At any other time, Thorne would have been polite and humble; but the unusual amount of whiskey he had imbibed to-night made him reckless.

"See here, Seven, I ain't runnin' no tippin' scheme on this deal."

"Oh! Ain't you!" sneered Seven. "But jes' th' same, I'm int'rested an' 'ud like to know. And don't [illegible] it's me you're talkin' to. I'm [illegible] sens'tive about th' way a man talk to me."

"Seven, fr'm my way o' sightin' [illegible] sit'wation, I cal'late that you'll [illegible] plenty of work, ef you run your own claim. An' as fer talkin', I'll talk to you jes' like I'd talk to any man."

Seven leered angrily. "W[illegible] common sheep herder; you [illegible] short horn; d' you think you c' [illegible] verse in that man'r to me, [illegible] across with it! You [illegible]

Here," broke in Thorne. "Don't fatigue your tongue with any more names. They ain't exact'ly music to my ears."

For answer Seven [illegible] ped to his gun. Whipping it [illegible] holster, he "fanned" [illegible] the trigger back and rapidly [illegible] the hammer with the edge of his [illegible] This is the quickest way of fi[illegible] shooter, and also the most [illegible]

Thorne was only a few feet aw[illegible], but the fact that Seven's hand w[illegible] shaky, together with the in[illegible] method of shooting, caused [illegible] shots to go wild. Thorne had drawn his gun in his usual slow and [illegible] cal way, and stood coolly while [illegible] gun was roaring. He waited an [illegible] stant until the smoke cleared [illegible] then took careful aim at Seven [illegible], and fired.

Seven's arms fell to his side and his gun clattered on the floor. H[illegible] dropped and he slowly sank forward, then, suddenly going limp, he sprawled on the floor. Nobody had been hurt by Seven's wild bullets; they had seen to that. Before Seven's gun had been drawn, the bystanders had vacated the "bullet line" with the usual alacrity they displayed in such situations.

Several men rushed to Seven's prone body. "Dead'n a hunk o' lead," said one, dropping one of the limp hands. "Yep" assented another. "Gosh fine work." Couldn't have done better myself," added a third.

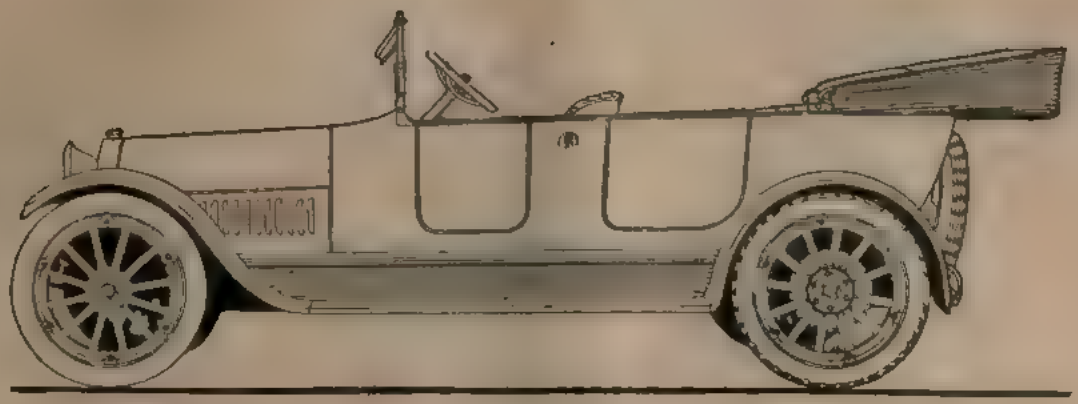
Lifting him in their arms they carried him outside. One of the bartenders bustled around with a rag and wiped up the pool of blood from the floor

After Seven fell, Thorne had stood for a moment staring in a dazed manner, then turned and started across the room, looking neither to the right nor the left. He brought up against a table, with a start. His eyes fell upon the smoking gun in his hand. He

Continued on page 162.

Studebaker

Established 1852



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The Series 18 Studebaker cars are even better than the Series 17. They are maintaining the leadership the Series 17 established throughout the Dominion in 1916.

They embody ninety distinct improvements and refinements of mechanical construction, convenience and comfort over the Series 17.

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FOUR Roadster	[illegible]
FOUR Touring Car	1375
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SIX Roadster	$1685
SIX Touring Car	1685
SIX Landau Roadster	1900
SIX Every-Weather Car	1995
SIX Touring Sedan	2245
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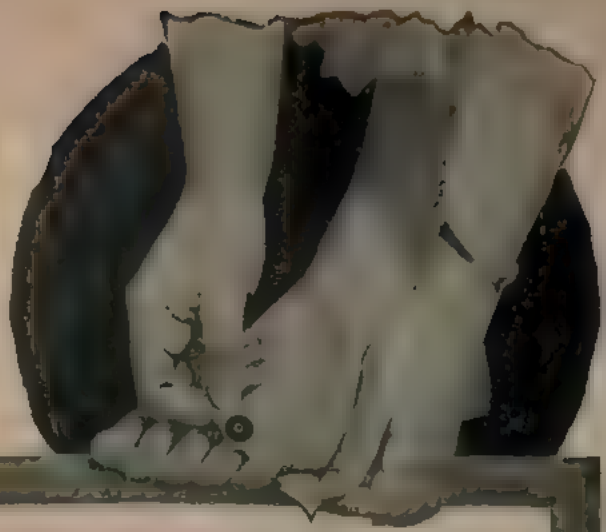

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Three Lives

Continued from page 150

jammed it into its holster and sat down in a chair.

Unconscious of his surroundings, he stared vacantly ahead.

Killings were common at Curry's. Three minutes after one, it was usually forgotten. This time it was five minutes, for the contrast between Thorne's act to-night and his usual manner furnished an extra topic for discussion. However, everybody had soon returned to their interrupted occupations and ceased to talk about the incident, except a card player who swore softly; one of Seven's bullets had played havoc with his pile of chips.

Presently the door opened and several men entered. One of whom had a fire in his eye. He listened to the story of the killing and ripping out an oath, he started toward the table where Thorne was sitting.

The man was "Trays" Morrison, the whilom coherent of Seven, and of equally unsavory reputation.

"You crow-faced insect, you!" roared Trays. "Killed Seven, did you? Somebody held his han's, eh? That's the only way a pigeon like you could kill a real man. Seven was my pal, he was; helped me out o' lots o' trouble; an' its up to me to kill you."

"God, man!" broke in Thorne. "Don't! I—I——"

"Don't!" cried Trays. "Don't kill you, eh?" He sat down in a chair and glared at Thorne.

"I hate awful to kill a chicken hearted pigeon like you. It's a plumb nuisance to waste good powder an' lead on such an insignificant insect. An' again," he added, pulling his gun from its holster and holding it by the barrel, "d'ye see that gun?" The handle was notched till it resembled a saw's edge. "They's jest room f'r two more notches on thet handle. I was reserving them places fer real men; I hates to use one of 'em fer a li'l rabbit like you. He-ell!" He had looked up, to see Thorne taking aim at him with his revolver. Before he could whirl his own gun, Thorne's gun cracked.

Trays settled back in his chair with a stifled cry. Instantly there was more excitement in the room than there had been for some time. As before said, killings were common at Curry's; but this was the first time that one man had killed two persons within fifteen minutes—especially a man who had never been in trouble before—and the crowd did not know how to take it.

Something must be wrong with Thorne; perhaps he had gone "loco" and might want to kill somebody else. No one in the room had a desire to be that somebody. A few of the more timid promptly bolted out of the door,

and gradually others bethought themselves that they had important business elsewhere. One man yawned and remarked that it was bed time; he guessed he would turn in. It was surprising the number who grew sleepy all at once.

Thorne had taken out his knife and proceeded to cut two notches in the handle of his gun. As the crowd thinned, he put the knife back in its scabbard and rose dizzily to his feet. He felt sick; he wanted to cry out, to run. He staggered to the door and opened it. Outside, he stared at the sky. The stars did not look right. Gun flashes and disconcerted faces danced before his eyes; in his ears sounded the roar of guns. "Somethin's amiss," he muttered; "somethin'—" the words trailed off into a sob. It wasn't he, Thorne, who had killed two men. Of course not. Thorne had never killed anybody.

He stumbled away into the dark. His footsteps led to the stable where his burro was quartered; the door opened at his push and he went in. In the corner he found a pile of straw and lay down on it; he was soon snoring.

When he awoke in the morning the sun was just rising. He sat up and stared around vacantly. Familiar objects looked strange. His hand fell to the butt of his gun; he felt the two notches and jerked his hand away as if the touch had burnt him.

He threw the pack on the burro and led the animal out. As he started up the street toward the general store, the burro tried to stop at a watering trough; but, vaguely sensing the resistance on the lead rope, the man pulled it on.

It was late in the afternoon, and Feathers sat down wearily. He had worked hard and had driven the last stake of the claim. "Thorne, him be s'prised when come back," he grinned.

He had had little trouble in following the trace of Thorne's pick along the ledge, until he came upon the scene.

Suddenly he looked up with a start, then reached behind him for the old Colt's he carried in a piece of canvas tied to his belt.

On top of the hill stood Thorne, with the burro by his side. He regarded Feathers in perplexity. Then a picture of the crowded bar-room came before his eyes, and it suddenly dawned on him that—that— Everything went blank and reeled; then again his mind cleared. Why that must be—yes, he had seen that Indian before, back there in—

He saw a little cloud drift before the Indian's face, and in his ears rang a crashing report; something hot and stinging struck him in the side. "God!"

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This Bubbled Wheat

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Their inventor is Prof. A. P. Anderson. And they represent the utmost in scientific foods.

Their nut like flavor comes from terrific heat. The grains are all shot from guns. They are puffed by a hundred million steam explosions, caused in every kernel.

The purpose and result are to blast every food cell, so digestion is easy and complete. Thus every atom of the whole grain feeds. And the foods don't tax the stomach.

These are delightful dainties. They seem, perhaps, like a breakfast garnish. But they are really the greatest foods ever created from wheat or rice. The better you know them the more you will serve them. Every ounce is an ounce of clear nutrition. Many foods are toy-foods in comparison.

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he mumbled weakly, then lay outstretched upon the ground, his face illumined weirdly by the last rays of the disappearing sun.

Down where the vein of rich gold poked its outcropping through the surface, Feathers poked an empty cartridge from the cylinder of his gun and grinned.

Two men leaned against the bar at Curry's. Between drinks one was talking, the other listened.

"Ya-as," drawled the first; "Thorne is dead. Tried to shoot Feathers, the Injun. Feathers was quickest, though, an' plugged him first. Brought him in on th' burro. We buried 'em all today—Seven, Trays, an' Thorne. Well, now, I don't know's anybody's got any regrets, 'specially 'bout Thorne. We wasn't greatly afeared of him, but still, seeing as how he'd formed sich object-'n'ble habits, a feller does feel somewhat more comfort'ble knowin' that Thorne's safely tethered. Funny the way he went on a stampede so sudden; but he'd found gold an' gold 'll play queer tricks on a man."

The moonlight fell across the cemetery at Golder's, casting long, [illegible] shadows over the ground. It [illegible] most brightly on three graves, [illegible] side—new graves, with a single [illegible] at the head of each.

An owl flitted from one of the [illegible] trees and alighted on the middle [illegible] screeching mournfully.

Old Mur Raton had spoken [illegible] Gold had been found in the hills, an Nature had taken her price, the price she always demanded: three human lives.

Her Masterpiece

Continued from page 135

jected figure, dull eyes, and expressionless face—was fast fading.

Then she roused herself and answered clearly: "I have been eager to traverse the trail. For days I have carried in mind a vision of just such a trail leading through those deep, inspiring forests; just such a clearing and a log cabin and—and—the woman living there. But I wanted to see it in reality so I might put my vision in a picture for the world to see."

The other woman's eyes sparkled. A look, half tenderness, half reminiscent, crossed her face.

"You are an artist?" she questioned eagerly.

Helena nodded her head, a flush on her cheeks.

"And your pictures have brought you fame?" a curious catch sounded in the other woman's voice, as Helena smiled her acknowledgment.

"I too possess the passion for art and I do not wonder that the glory of our forest and trails have called to you. But what about the woman? I've never yet seen one who could fit into all the grandeur of this wilderness," the other woman waited breathlessly.

Helena's cheeks flushed a deeper scarlet, as she answered spiritedly: "The woman of my picture is one to arouse the pity of the worldly-wise women. She is imprisoned by the forest, denied interest and opportunity. The narrowness of her environment has so fettered her that her spirit has bent to listlessness and enthusiasm is gone. Her appearance suggests dejection. Her eyes must be dull and her face emotionless."

"Surely an object of pity!" there was a tinge of sarcasm in the voice of the other woman.

Then in a gentler tone, she continued: "You see that is not the type of woman you must truly put into your picture. Do you not suppose the grandeur of pioneer life must make its impression on the souls of our women? Can't you strain your vision and see how toil in the open and the exercise of courage and endurance must develop us? Do you suppose I had the vision of your spiritless woman when I forsook ease and study, gaiety and the comforts of a modern home to come to the wilderness with my husband?

"An artist's career was the [illegible] of my girlhood. Critics gave me [illegible] that I should achieve fame. My people would have spared no expense in educating me to best develop the talent. But I loved a man whose soul was not wrapped in art. His great manly heart yearned over the unbroken forests. He wanted to open up coun[illegible] make it habitable for the Dominion of the future. I could not let him sacrifice this ambition. I married him and we forged a trail together. That was the trail you traversed to-day.

"At first we tented, then built a tiny cabin. When we had forged deeper into the bush, we built this cabin. We have never needed a spacious dwelling for we have lived much in the open.

"I settled down in the cabin home and reared my babies, while my husband blazed more trails and opened up more country. His work has made him more famous and done more for the Empire than any paintings of mine

could have done. Perhaps you have heard the name of Edmund Keith?" The woman lingered over her husband's name with just pride.

Helena started. Edmund Keith—where had she heard the name of Edmund Keith? Ah, now she remembered. "Edmund Keith—a Blazer of Tr[illegible]," was the article that Robert had been reading the afternoon that the vision of her masterpiece had come to her.

Steps sounded outside and the woman of the log cabin went to the doorway to meet her husband and the stranger with him.

"Wife, I've found a kindred spirit. Her I've been working along at trail breaking all these years and this chap—Clifford—has been studying it out in theory. Blest, if it isn't good to have you drop in," the man's eager boyishness matched the freshness of his ruddy face. His brawny, muscular frame denoted power as in a big hearted way, he drew chairs toward the table

The woman of the log cabin greeted Robert warmly, her manner one of ease and gentleness

"And now you will be able to put some of those theories into work while your wife nurses her injured hand. She must not attempt to cross the trail again until it is quite strong and she has sketched a little of the forest."

"Why you—you are very kind. It seems like encroaching on hospitality. Helena, would you be contented?" Robert questioned.

A soft light glowed in Helena's eyes as she responded eagerly, "Oh yes, it is all so new and strange and thrilling. There seems to be so much to learn and understand. I'd like to stay until my fingers can grasp the brush again."

Robert Clifford cleared his throat a far off expression in his eyes. "We shall be glad to stay," he answered unsteadily

"Then come and eat with us," urged Edmund Keith, "there are trails I want you to look up along with me. Where is Andy?" a note of tenderness underlying his query.

"He has taken Justin along with him to one of his old trail haunts," the wife responded quickly.

Helena, accepting the cup of tea from the trembling hand, exclaimed wonderingly, "How can you bear to have him leave your sight this—his first day at home."

A smile shone through the woman's misty eyes, "It is so good to know that he is just beyond the clearing on the trail that is within call. I, who have taught him fearlessness and independence could not be selfish enough to keep him close to my side all of the first day even."

(To be concluded)

Lord o' Land

Continued from page 121

strangely fluent fingers. It looked like heart-rending work but I could see she had high skill in it. These nets are for fishing next winter in the Lake at Wabamun where there are more fish than can be counted. Great Grandmother is a kindly seeming old woman but more thin, shrivelled and "wept-out" than you could believe. Once, long ago, a sled dog attacked her on the trail and tore her breasts so that they hung in strings, and until the snow was freckled with blood. In heaven, Great Grandmother is going to have tobacco and tea and plenty of fat meat, while the greedy traders will be forever hungry. The priest says the big people that are up are sure to be pulled down.

. . . . I would like to stay here and live by this river, for it is very lovely. And yet, some way, it isn't lovely like other places in the South or overseas. Maybe, what one likes is the simple talk of the people and their quaint ways, or perhaps it is the fine, keen air that is a wonderful cup for your drinking. I tell you there is magic in this land, too, and you can hear unsung things. My heart is on tiptoe for the reach of them

(To be continued)

The Gregory Morton Mystery

Continued from page 145

amazement. Now a sudden exclamation from her brought my eyes quickly to her face. She was looking at me in utter bewilderment.

"Ah, my dear," said I, "I had forgotten. You did not know about my [illegible]. I am no longer a ghost. Virginia. In the shadow of death, my own shadow came back to me."

"Has it all come back?" she whispered. "All your past? You remember — remember everything? You know all by yourself that you are —are —Christopher Morton?"

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Think of it—less money than is paid in one year's rent for the modern house [illegible] stallment on a good farm in the country. With health, ambition and a small capital you can [illegible] you [illegible] ence than a[illegible]

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We will lend you up to $2,000 in improvements in certain districts with no security other than the land [illegible] culars on request. Twenty years for repayment of loan, with interest at 6%

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She stumbled a little over the [illegible] and I did not wonder, for that was the name of a man she had always believed a stranger.

"Christopher Morton and Morton Smith," said I; 'and if I could not be both men, Virginia, you know [illegible] well you know—which of the two I would be.

The vivid color had sprung into her cheeks again, but the look of doubt still clouded her eyes. I stretched out my arm toward her.

"Ah, my dear, my dear," said I, "I told you you had something to forgive."

Her answer to that was to slip to her knees beside my couch. With my one good arm I drew her close, and then I kissed her. All she said was just the old name she had known me by—my own name, yet not my own, "Morton."

"Does it sound very ridiculous for me to call you that?" she asked. "The other sounds so strange to me."

There was a note of sadness in her voice as she said that, and her tears were falling on my upturned face.

"It would have saved so much," she said in explanation; "so much misery and agony and doubt for both of us, if in those old days, when we shared so much, you could have trusted me with the secret of who you really were.'

"It was not that," said I quickly. "It was no idle masquerade that took me to Cleveport. My father and mother had been separated for years, he living in America, and I over here with her. She was French by birth, you know. We lived in that chateau where you went only the day before yesterday to find me—to find Christopher Morton."

I paused there, interrupting myself:

"I wonder, by the way, if I killed that lodge-keeper—the man I threw down-stairs last night"

"No," she assured me. "The doctor says he will get well."

I was a good deal relieved. The whole thing was grisly enough without any extraneous horrors.

"Well," I went on, "when my mother died I got to thinking pretty seriously about what I was going to do. I wanted to come home to my father. I wanted to prepare myself for the responsibility I saw would one day be left upon my shoulders. But I didn't want to come like a returning prodigal and be put into an office, 'to be taught the business' by young Alexander Duggleby.

"Judging from what I had heard of him, my notion of learning the business, my notion of success, my notion of the privileges and burdens of the position I should one day assume, were likely to be radically different from his; so I decided to do the thing in my own way. You know how I did it.

"I didn't have to go to Cleveport to learn that there was misery and sorrow and injustice in the world. But if I had come into my own, and assumed the power which my unmerited wealth gives me, without that experience, I should have been too ignorant to have made good use of it.

"If a man had called me a half-baked altruist, and said that my ideas were absurd, I would have had no answer for him. But I have it now. I know what I am talking about. And, please God, I shall be able to make thousands of people happier as a result of my knowledge.

"And, Virginia, dear, you can hardly imagine what it meant to me in my shabby little corner down there at Cleveport to find that I—I myself—was able to command your interest and your liking, and then your love.

"It was not a test of you, dear; it was a test of myself. You didn't patronize me; you didn't pity me. I meant to tell you, you and your father that night, the night you promised to marry me, the night he came home and said his laboratory had been looted. I didn't want to tell you before I told him; didn't want to ask you to keep any secret from him.

"He had told me nothing of his secret, you remember, not even what it was that he was doing. I knew he was a great man, and a successful man. I knew that he had a close connection, though I didn't know exactly what, with the Morton-Duggleby Company.

"When I heard that night, for the first time, of the vile wrong they were trying to do him, my first thought was that I must set that right before I did anything else. I left you very soon after he came in, you remember. I went straight back to New York, and took on again the person of Christopher Morton.

"Then I went up to Duggleby's house. I found the father and son there together. They knew me, of course, and my coming, and my announcement that I meant to take up the authority which was mine under my father's will, was a great blow to them.

"It was a heavier blow when I told them where I had been spending the last two years. How I knew the mills, the furnaces, the hovels, the gaunt poverty, the sacrifice of life, the maiming of souls that I held them responsible for.

"And in the end I accused them flatly of the crime they were contemplating against your father—the crime they had already attempted.

"I remember young Duggleby making a savage spring at my throat, and that is the last thing I do remember until I came to myself sitting on a bench in the sun at Dr. Berry's asylum."

There came a discreet tap at the door.

You don't use a sailor's needle for fine embroidery

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"Trust the doctor for tact," said I. "Any other man would have walked right in

Virginia laughed, laid a caressing finger on my lips, and called to him to come in

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LAST CARD

THE doctor's face was very pale, and his eyes were grave. I knew the reason well enough. They had been peering, those thoughtful eyes of his, down into the shadows of the valley of death.

He looked earnestly into Virginia's face, and then into mine; and presently he smiled. Evidently our faces told our story plainly enough.

"My dear," said he, holding out his hand to Virginia, "I think you are going to be very happy."

It was evident that there was something he hesitated to speak of in Virginia's presence, and a sound from the next room, where her father lay, afforded her a pretext for leaving us.

"How are your nerves?" he asked. "Are you equal to a rather trying interview?"

"I am equal to anything but a wrestling match," said I, with a nod toward my bandaged arm. "What is the interview?"

"It is our friend Duggleby," he said gravely.

"Duggleby!" I exclaimd. "I thought he was dead."

"It comes to that," said the doctor. "I shot him through the body. He will live, perhaps, three or four hours. He's a very wonderful young man. He has already written a letter to his father. He has dictated to the police a complete statement of his connection with the robbery at the Tours station, and another concerning last night's affair, whose sole object seems to be to justify me in the course I took. He is perfectly conscious now, and he desires to see you.'

It was hard to believe that the young man I saw lying on the couch in the room below, still fully dressed, was within a few hours, at the most, of death. There was no trace of pain in his face, nor in his easy and, I almost said, lounging attitude. To make the illusion complete he was smoking a cigarette.

He smiled at me when he saw me come in with the doctor. He smiled again with a whimsical, almost impish, humor as he motioned me to a chair. It was the very chair where I had sat, bound, waiting for death myself a few hours ago.

"Turn about's fair play, isn't it?" he said.

In contrast with his coolness I was so moved that I found it difficult to command my voice.

"I am sorry," I said at last.

Then, noting the politely skeptical lift to his eyebrows with which he answered me, I gathered myself together.

"Oh, not that the wheel turned about," said I. "I don't pretend to that; but I am sorry that 'up' with me had to mean 'down' for you. I believe that with a little better luck we might have been friends instead of enemies."

"Yes," he said; "I am inclined to think we might. I am sorry for that too

"But please don't think," he went on, and I saw the same mocking lift to his brows that I had remarked before; "please don't think that I have [illegible] you here to harry you with a death-bed repentance. I merely felt like telling you a few things.

"To begin at the beginning, I had always hated the thought of you. I imagined you to be a vacuous little French expatriate, half prig, half idler, with a sort of altruistic rose-water, *a la* Rousseau, in your veins instead of real blood.

The night you came to our house and made your speech about conditions as you found them at our plant—I had to regard it as ours, not yours; you will understand that, I think—I was angry. I felt that Fate had played us a scurvy trick in giving you the power to assume authority over our heads, mine and father's.

"But the thing you had done, the way you got your knowledge, compelled a genuine admiration. I give you my word that up to the moment when you accused us of attempting a crime against old Mr. Heatherfield, I had no thought but of accepting the situation with the best grace possible.

"When you made that accusation I believed it utterly untrue, and in that belief one of my sudden fits of rage swept over me. I sprang upon you, not knowing what I was doing. You were totally unprepared, and under my rush you toppled over backward, striking your head against the corner of a table.

"When I saw you lying, there apparently dead, I came to myself. I straightened up and turned to my father, expecting his reproaches, ready to take the consequences for the violent thing I had done. But the look I saw in his face—and that, if it does not sound theatrical to say it, was the tragic moment in my life—the look I saw there was frightened, and yet it was furtive.

"I will spare myself, if you don't mind, the details of the conversation that passed between us. The upshot of it was that my father confessed that your accusation was true; that he had

instigated the robbery of Mr. Heatherfield's laboratory—that he had got the old man's preliminary processes, and had meant to get his immensely valuable discovery for nothing. For nothing dearer than the knowledge that he himself was a thief!

"And all the while you lay there on the floor, apparently dead. In that moment I took my decision. It may not have been the one you would have taken in similar circumstances, but at least you will understand how I came to it. I said to my father:

Here we stand, a pair of criminals. You're a thief, and I'm a murderer; but at least we can act like men, and not like a pair of whipped curs. We are criminals. Well, let's play it out. Let's take our medicine. Let's give them a run for their money.'

"And that is what we have tried to do.

"We found you were not dead, and we resolved that for all practical purposes you should be. I happened to know Dr. Berry—as arrant a knave as ever lived in the world—and we packed you off to him, with infinite precaution and infinite secrecy. He thought it probable that you never would recover your wits, but he understood our wishes thoroughly.

"And then that scapegrace cousin of yours turned up, very seedy indeed, since his allowance had stopped with your father's death. He looked enough like you to pass with a casual stranger. He knew enough about you to answer questions. So, to fill up a vacuum, which your disappearance would have otherwise caused, we sent him abroad to impersonate you."

He threw away his cigarette.

"I—I—" he said, "you know as well as I do, except just this much more: You may not find it easy to believe, but the first happy moment I had after that night in the library was when I got word you had escaped. The thing was too easy. Our success was too complete. I wanted to fight, not to sit around and grow rich and respectable.

"When I heard you had got away from Dr. Berry I was within a day or two of shooting myself. That news changed the whole face of things for me. I had something to do!

"I enjoyed it until last night—until I had you trapped in that chair and sent your cousin away so that I could kill you. And at that—well, I saw by your face you understood!

"I would have told you this story then, if I had had time, but that would not have been playing the game, and I meant to play that game out to the last card. Thank God, Morton, it's played. It's over."

He drew a long breath and lighted another cigarette.

"Thank you for coming down to listen," he said quietly. "I won't detain you any longer. I can't detain myself much longer, I fancy. Good-by."

I could not speak, but I went over to him and held out my hand. The same cynical flash that I had seen there before came into his face.

"Well," he said, "that's rather an odd thing to do, but by George, man, I think you mean it!"

With those words, his hand met mine.

The end of his story marks the end of mine. I think that as long as I live the story of his tragedy will haunt me. It is a curious paradox, that this man, who would have murdered me in cold blood, whose sole, deliberate purpose to the end of his life was to crush me, thwart me, deprive me not only of my inheritance, but of that dearest thing of all, myself, the figure of this man who took up the cards Fate dealt him to play, and played them out to the last with so grim a courage—that figure remains in my memory as a friend and not an enemy.

(The End.)

Frivolous Fripley

Continued from page 131

containing a box of cigarettes and the bill.

The bill amounted to $4.10, a sum rather larger than he was accustomed to allow himself for lunches during an entire week.

Fripley, with the assistance of Victor, lit his first cigarette.

Then he extracted one of the four five dollar bills from his pay envelope and laid it on the plate. This covered the amount and left a nice tip for Victor, who owed his gratitude.

Ten minutes later Fripley stopped suddenly, in the street, and turned to Miss Bruce with blank amazement in his wide grey eyes.

"By George, it's queer," he blurted, "but do you know I feel as if I'd known you a long time. It generally takes me about a year to get acquainted with a—with anybody."

Miss Bruce laughed. She had discovered, it may be incidentally remarked, that he had "nice eyes."

"Now, I never spoke three words to you," he said, "before to-day. And yet I wouldn't have the slightest hesitation about asking you to step into the next haberdashery and choose a shirt for me."

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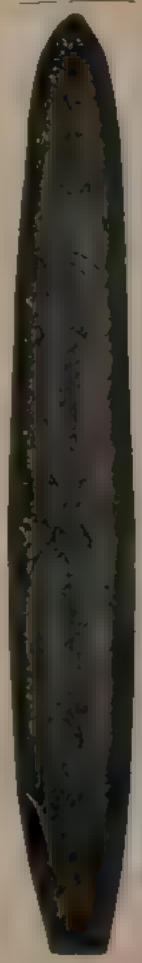

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MODERN. FIREPROOF.

"Why, Mr Fripley!" she blushed "I'm sure I have done nothing to encourage such familiarity. I never heard of such a thing. Besides, you need a hat a good deal worse."

He removed the emerald hued derby and inspected it.

"A bit green," he conceded.

"You ought to have a nice straw," Miss Bruce commented, helpfully.

"I shall," asserted Fripley.

He had never, for reasons of economy been in the habit of buying many clothes. The suit he wore happened to be new; but he had figured on squeezing through the summer without a new hat, or at least until August, when straws may be bought at greatly reduced prices.

No advantage can come from dwelling upon the painful details of Fripley's defection from the accustomed paths of strict sobriety; nor from a criticism of the thoughtless frivolity which is characteristic of *la jeune femme*, in this age. It is enough to state the simple fact that the immediate sequel to the above conversation found Fripley trying on an endless array of summer headwear.

Let no man lightly enlist the assistance of a lady in the delicate business of selecting a garment. To do so is to exchange a vexatious detail for a weighty and arduous enterprise.

It should be said for Fripley that, having put his hand to the pernicious plough, he never wavered nor looked back. With mien of settled melancholy and yet of firm resolve, he posed before a long mirror on the one hand and Miss Evelyn Bruce on the other, and tried on between three and four hundred straw hats. Two perturbed clerks hustled from the shelves to the counter, balancing high and precariously tottering piles of cylindrical boxes. Miss Bruce had been somewhat hesitant about undertaking the matter; but, having given her consent, she entered upon the task with spirit. Fripley's head seemed to be of a shape unknown to hatters. This was not so vital, however, as the difficulty which Miss Bruce encountered in finding exactly the right breadth of brim, height of crown and color of ribbon, in combination.

The thing was at length accomplished, nevertheless, and by the insertion of two wads of cotton in the band just over his ears, it was made a fair fit. Miss Bruce thought it a dream.

Fripley bestowed the derby jointly upon the two clerks, in recognition of their efficient and unflagging efforts.

It was not so much the shape of the hat, for that was really conservative; Miss Bruce did not consider the extreme of the mode harmonious with Fripley's *tout ensemble*. Neither was it the price; three dollars is not actually an immoral

figure for a good hat, although Sam had never before paid more than half as much. But ah, the ribbon! There was nothing chaste about that ribbon. It had the primary hues of original sin, with all the superadded subdivisions of tint characteristic of actual transgression.

"You are really quite presentable," said Evelyn, surveying him with a critical and proprietary eye.

Fripley gulped and turned red.

"There is nobody on earth I'd rather please than you, Miss Bruce," he replied earnestly.

"Don't try to string me so, Mr. Fripley."

Samuel labored earnestly for five minutes to convince the girl of the truth of something that she had been dead sure of for the past hour.

Certainly no good end would be served by giving a circumstantial account of the events of that afternoon. It is enough to state simply that Fripley, who had ever eschewed such folly, suggested that they go to the base-ball game—it followed quite naturally upon the hat—and Miss Bruce, who was beginning to find much joy in his unconscious drollery and frank admiration, consented. It is not necessary to linger upon his winning a dollar from the enthusiastic spectator on his right, on a bet that the home team would score three runs in the second inning. It ought perhaps to be noted, as throwing light upon the progress of his *dementia*, that he stood on his chair during the greater part of the ninth inning, waving the ornate head gear in lurid circles, deaf alike to the entreaties of Miss Bruce and the spectators behind him, while the home team garnered the very few tallies needful for victory.

In the soft twilight of that June evening they turned their steps wearily homeward. Fripley had ceased to exercise the faculty of reason. He knew perfectly well that he was driving hard upon the rocks; but it seemed a matter of very little moment. It was enough that her soft, caressing tones sounded in his ears. It was enough that, wherever he turned, her tenderly beaming eyes shone into his soul. It was incomprehensible—he did not strive to comprehend—that she should take his arm and snuggle up beside him in the crowds and seem happy in his company.

All too soon they reached Evelyn's home and came to the moment of parting in the Bruces' dim little parlor. She thanked him warmly for the luncheon and the afternoon. She invited him vaguely to call some evening the next week. And then she made a blushing confession.

"Do you know, Mr. Fripley," she stammered, "I used to think you were — that is, I always understood, from

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the others—that you were—well; sort of stiff and disagreeable. But now I don't think so, at all!"

He laid the effulgent head-piece on the little stand which occupied the centre of the room.

"Miss Bruce," he responded, "I have long suspected, in my dull, obtuse way, that you were the prettiest, kindest, sweetest little girl in seven states. But now, by George, I'm dead sure of it."

Then Fripley, having been provided by Fate with a rope of adequate length, took a double hitch around his neck and calmly jumped into the abyss.

It is of no consequence to allege, in extenuation, the accidental circumstance that the passage-way between the stand and the piano was very narrow, that it was obstructed by Fripley and that Miss Evelyn had to pass practically under his chin to reach and open the door. What happened would have happened in the Hippodrome.

The moment he had kissed her he came suddenly to his senses.

He fled.

Fripley tossed that night upon an uneasy couch; and he spent the peaceful Sabbath Day in vain remorse. He would willingly have believed it all a wild, disordered dream; but there was the new straw hat, on his dresser, and there was his pay envelope, with $10 missing.

Most of the day he sat with his head on his hands and groaned.

He found the remains of the box of cigarettes in his pocket, and threw them angrily out the window.

He remembered some of the things he had said to Miss Bruce and turned red to his collar. Words, phrases, whole paragraphs of the drivel he had uttered rang in his repentant and crimsoned ears.

Detached scenes from the sequence of that mad afternoon rose up and froze his soul with horror. He saw himself altering Montgomery's sketch with a circle, which, from a diameter of three-sixteenths of an inch, had grown to the appalling proportions of a volcanic crater. He heard himself telling Haskins, the omnipotent, to do as he "damn-pleased" about taking the matter to Montgomery. He beheld himself stalking into the Mazarin to play the fool and pay five dollars for the privilege. Then, that awful hat! And the game! Chump! Idiot! Mutt!

He had certainly been mad. A touch of sun, possibly; it had been rather warm lately. He wondered if he were quite well even yet, and felt his pulse. He also looked at his tongue in his shaving mirror. There was no evidence of abnormality.

On Monday morning a dejected and chastened Fripley, entered the office of Montgomery.

"It seems, Fripley," said the great one, laying the stem of his pipe on the drawing before him, "that you have been taking liberties with the department of design. Now this is your first offense and if comes as a sort of a surprise, particularly so to our excellent Mr. Haskins, who says you were unnecessarily profane in telling him to use his judgment about referring the matter to me. Am I correct?"

"Yes, sir," murmured a sadder and meeker Fripley.

"Well, if you can't keep your intellect under control, Fripley, you are no use in Department D. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir," responded Fripley.

"You would only be a [illegible] influence, in the [illegible] I think we can use you in [illegible] and keep your active ingenuity sufficiently employed in [illegible] You get more money, but you will have every inducement for earning it. Report at once to Mr. Brown, please."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," said Fripley, without emotion. He smiled sadly, as he left Montgomery's office. What a paltry thing was mere worldy advancement.

At noon he lingered over his board, making a pretense of working, for twenty minutes after the others had gone. He intended that this should insure against an accidental meeting with Miss Bruce in the lobby.

But when he finally emerged from Department A, he found her there, in the almost deserted corridor. She came toward him.

"I've waited an age," she sighed, "and I'm as hungry as a bear."

This was a poser for Fripley. She did not act at all like a person burning with rage. He stole a glance at her. She wore a new dress, one that he had never seen before; it was a light blue thing, clean, cool and jaunty.

"You don't mean that you're willing—to——"

"Why not?" inquired Miss Bruce, sweetly, knowing perfectly well why not, and enjoying his boyish embarrassament immensely.

"Well, if you don't know I'm sure I don't," said Fripley, recovering himself somewhat.

In the street she came close to him and took his arm. What a kindly, forgiving little person she was!

"The Mazarin?" inquired Fripley.

"Not for ours, Sam," she said shyly, "I think we had—I mean, you had better save your money."

And he, such is the blindness of the transgressor to the just destiny which will speedily involve his froward way, did not perceive that within a month she would be regularly depositing one half his weekly salary in a savings bank, in her own name.

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The Case at Evelyn Grange

Continued from page 118.

Mrs. Treadwell's pearls simply vanished. I've been nervous."

"It was odd," Mrs. Gaynor agreed. "I'd been spending the week end there, just before it happened. Their butler was drunk half of the time, and there isn't the slightest doubt in my mind that he failed to lock up securely. The only reason nothing else was taken was that the thieves were frightened."

"That's what everyone said," agreed Mrs. Lawdon. "Why, there were a dozen robberies right in that section of Long Island—people in motor cars and yachts—and the night of the Vanderbilt cup race, someone got away with the Dressars' whole jewel case."

A tap on the door announced Alice Rawlins.

"Hello, Kate, Howdy, Mrs. Gaynor. Going to show us the Kohinoor? Dear me, don't look peevish. Trot out the show case," she ordered gleefully.

Mrs. Lawdon smiled with superiority. "You'll be surprised—and, it's all my own invention. I've made a jewel casket that no burglar would ever think of." Taking a key from a trousse hanging in plain sight by the dressing table, she approached a small square hat trunk of solid make and unlocked it, revealing six hats of intoxicating designs.

"Gee!" said Alice, rising to her feet as Mrs. Lawdon lifted out a delicious toque and, taking it by the crown, gave what might have been the lining a pull, revealing a velvet tray set within.

"Well, that *is* clever, Kate," Alice exclaimed. "Are they all like that, whited sepulchers, ribbon and feathers without, and within filled with jewels and pearls of great price?"

Mrs. Gaynor applauded. "Certainly that is the best idea I ever heard of. But you oughtn't to let anyone into the secret—why—one of the servants coming by—your maid—I do hope you are careful." As she spoke she took the box extended toward her and gazed enraptured upon its glistening contents.

"What a peach!" Miss Rawlins exclaimed. "Now, doesn't that clasp look like a pair of dollar marks! My! what a pearl rope! That ruby has the Queen of Sheba beaten a mile."

She dangled the jewel from its slender platinum chain, where it turned slowly, flashing in the afternoon sunlight that poured in at the window.

"Hold on; you give me acute appendicitis of the eyeball," said Miss Rawlins, shading her eyes with one hand as she pressed an electric button with the other. "That reminds me, I'm dying for a real drink. Have one with me, Kate? How about you Mrs. Gaynor?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Lawdon, pushing the irrepressible Alice toward the door. "Give your orders through the crack—you heard what Mrs. Gaynor said, and she's right; the servants shouldn't see these things." She hastily crammed a jewel box into the crown of a two foot Gainsborough as a knock sounded loud upon the door.

Miss Rawlins giggled. "Do you suppose Mrs. Evelyn employs Sherlocks on her house force? Why, they're a lot of lately landed." She opened the door the mere width of a thread. "What, ho, without! A flagon of Scotch and soda, prithee. Say, how about you, Kate?"

"No," said Mrs. Lawdon emphatically, casting a troubled glance at her guest.

Alice banged the door. "You make me tired, Kate. Don't you recall that rhyme of Tennyson's or somebody's—

> "Between the dark and the daylight—
> When the night is beginning to lower,
> Comes a pause in the day's occupation
> That is known as the cocktail hour."

Mrs. Gaynor laughed as she rose. "What a child!" she said. "What a naughty child! Well, I must be gong. It's late and I want to rest a while before dinner. Thank you so much, Mrs. Lawdon, I did enjoy seeing your pretty things—and—your jewel case is a dream."

She waved a light farewell as she departed in the direction of her own suite in the main building. At the end of the hall a servants' staircase gave unobtrusive entrance to the "Annex." As she passed it the door swung open, admitting her maid. Mrs. Gaynor started. "Adele! I was just going to ring for you."

"I told the second maid I'd help her with these rooms," she replied.

"Of course you did," approved Mrs. Gaynor. "That's quite right, always make yourself useful in the houses where we visit—but you look tired."

"Yes, Madame," the girl answered, and followed her mistress meekly.

Once within the room Mrs. Gaynor took the young woman by the shoulders with gentle firmness and turned her toward the light. "Look at me. Your eyes are blood-shot; your head is paining you again."

She was answered by a look of dumb agony.

"Never mind, you are to do just as I say," she added in a sharper tone, as the girl made a feeble gesture of protest. "Come, I can help your head, you know—there, now." She forced the girl quietly into an easy chair, with a gentle laugh at her resistance. "There, now, rest, rest—poor little thing," she said softly as she bent over the relaxed form. She made a gentle movement as if to brush back the girl's heavy hair.

There was one observer of this [illegible] little scene. Alice Rawlins, on [illegible] way down the corridor had [illegible] Mrs. Gaynor's door, which [illegible] from its catch. She had [illegible] kindly movement and heard [illegible] orders dictated by a rarely [illegible] spirit.

"Gee!" thought Alice, as she [illegible] on toward her room, "she's a [illegible] that woman?" [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

personality and his growing love for her.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Gaynor, "I knew broken legs could be re-set, but I didn't know that you posed as a mender of character. Is the operation painful?" Her light tone treated his offer as a joke, but this time he was not to be put off.

"Not at all painful," he answered, "for the most wonderful anaesthetic in the world is the first thing necessary—hypnotism."

"Rot!" exclaimed Alice.

"Really?" said Mrs. Evelyn.

Nellie Gaynor fixed upon Wendham a sudden glance of terror. She half raised her hand as if to push back a crowding presence. She was white to the lips. "Never, oh never, never!" she gasped. "What do you mean?" she added. Her hand dropped to her side.

With infinite pity at his heart the physician watched the slim fingers twitch and tremble. "You wouldn't be frightened if you understood it," he said quietly. "You see that's the specialty I took up abroad."

"Why," said Mrs. Evelyn, with a face as blank as her pearls, "I thought it was some sort of a vaudeville thing, didn't you, Alice? Where was it we saw the 'Mysterious Marions,' who read your watch numbers and things?"

The conversation ceased abruptly as Mrs. Lawdon entered the room.

Wendham had not left Mrs. Gaynor's side, and his calm, affectionate gaze rested searchingly upon her face. "I'm not joking," he continued in an undertone. "Think it over."

Her momentary fright had passed. She had regained her old composure. "You're very good," she said, "to take so much interest—and—I know you are right. Very soon, perhaps next week, I'll take your advice—some of it," she added. "I'll go away and rest—take a cruise somewhere."

"Please," he pleaded.

"Dinner is served," announced the butler.

Wendham extended his arm. Nellie took it, conscious of the grateful sensation of its implied protection and strength.

"Yes," she admitted wearily, "I am very, very, tired." She turned to him squarely as she reached her seat and spoke quickly, almost in a whisper. "Sometimes I feel as if I weren't quite sane—do you understand that? I can't realize that I allow myself my life—my way of living—I don't know why I tell you," she added with vexation. She waved her hand lightly as if to dismiss both his attention and the disagreeable truths he had brought before her, turning courteously to the partner on her right.

Dinner over, bridge tables were set

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out, Mrs. Gaynor did not join in the game, but seated at the piano, let her fancy wander into soft improvisations. And Wendham, watching and listening with all his science and all his heart, detected ever the jarring note, as a trained engineer knows by the infinitesimal change of sound or vibration that his engine is not running smooth and true. His reverie was broken by Mrs. Lawdon's vibrant voice.

"Oh, yes, I will pay you now—I'd rather."

"Don't bother—send a check," said the hostess in her faint, vague voice.

"No, indeed; I'll fly to my room and fetch my purse. I hid it before I came down." She rose with switch and glitter and parted the heavy curtains. The light tapping of her high heels echoed on the polished floor of the hall.

There was a general rising and buzz of talk, adjustment of accounts, and reminiscent chat of honors, points and leads. Mrs. Gaynor left the piano and joined the others. Wendham approached her, determination written large upon his face. "Will you do me a favor, Nellie?" he asked.

"Of course, delighted. What can I do?" she inquired cordially.

"Go to bed," he commanded.

She laughed nervously. "Dear me, do you want to be rid of me so soon? I couldn't sleep."

"You can rest."

"Rest," she repeated, "rest—I don't know the word."

"You must learn it, then."

"You are kind to bother so much about me—and—as soon as I can I am going to try."

In her weariness she had turned to him with the sweet, relying gratitude of expression that raises womanly charm to its highest power. He longed to take her in his arms, to comfort and care for her, to bring his knowledge and his love to her instant need. "Go rest—doctor's orders—Nellie"; his lips had framed the endearing name, when an excited clatter and a choking hysterical cry brought the party to their feet with a common movement of anxiety.

Mrs. Lawdon appeared at the door. The well groomed beautiful woman of a few moments before was almost beyond recognition. Her face had aged ten years.

"She's gone mad!" gasped Mrs. Evelyn, catching at her husband's arm.

Mrs. Lawdon found her voice. "I've been robbed—robbed—robbed!" Her voice rose in thin soprano gradations. "My diamonds—my emeralds—my ruby! They're gone. I tell you! Gone! gone! gone!" She collapsed upon a chair, flinging her body half across the center table, where she beat the polished wood with her clenched hands.

(To be continued.)

Sir John A. Macdonald

Continued from page 122.

Legislative Union lay in the fact that the two provinces were differently constituted. By the Constitutional Act of 1791 Quebec's laws, were Roman in their character and maintained according to a fixed code, whereas the English system, that of cases, was the basis of legal procedure in the courts of Upper Canada. In addition, religious and educational ideals in the two provinces were quite distinct. It was therefore necessary to have two premiers and in many cases dual cabinet ministers. No real unity existed. It took twenty-six years, however, for public men to learn the lesson that Federal union was indispensable.

In the days when Macdonald entered parliament the High Toryism of the "Family Compact" had roused in the hearts of radicals the thought of cessation from the mother country. It was in 1844. The critical situation gave him his opening for the Imperial propaganda, which he maintained in the forefront of his policies until his death. From 1844 until his death in 1891 Macdonald's political career was unbroken, a record seldom paralled in parliamentary annals. In his first year in the Legislative Assembly he proclaimed his "credo" by saying: "I believe that the prosperity of Canada depends on its permanent connection with the mother country." How well the truth of that statement has been proven is familiarly known to every Canadian schoolboy. In 1847, at the age of thirty-two, Macdonald fulfilled the prophecy of Draper by entering a Conservative cabinet, and seven years after that further fulfilled Draper's words by becoming Attorney-General under the ministry of Sir Allan MacNab. From that time forward Macdonald became the virtual head of the Conservative party, and for twenty-seven years the whole party, and many Liberals as well, looked to him for inspiration in the building of our nation. In 1857 he became premier of Upper Canada and the very next year he began the movement towards Confederation. It was not until 1864, however, when such leading Liberals as George Brown, founder of the Globe, joined forces with him, that the cherished hopes of the best elements in the population became practicable. Even then opposition was powerful, but with inflexible determination and rare pati-

ence Macdonald eventually surmounted all difficulties and on July 1st, 1867 witnessed the birth of the new Dominion.

Although Macdonald was out of office for short periods, he remained in harness until his death. During the period from 1887 to 1891 his political opponents had developed a policy of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States. Sir John fought them with this as the issue in his last great election campaign. He feared, as Goldwin Smith thought and hoped, that reciprocity would result eventually in political affiliation. It was on this occasion that Macdonald issued his famous manifesto to the Canadian people containing the well-known phrase: "A British subject I was born, a British subject I will die."

Macdonald won the election, but it was his last triumph. The old warhorse, as strong in spirit as in the days of his youth, weakened physically, and passed away on the sixth of June, 1891, amidst the sorrowing of the Dominion, which he had been chiefly instrumental in bringing into being.

Hon. George Brown

Continued from page 123.

of winning over enemies to his own purposes, but he made enemies among his own followers and this continually impaired the fighting powers of his party, and gave Macdonald some of his best opporunities to win political victories. Some Liberals have named Macdonald an opportunist. It appears altogether a misnomer. Macdonald possessed the statesmanship not to allow secondary policies to defeat greater projects he had in view.

Brown's strange disaffection with regard to the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway appears inexplicable, unless partisan prejudice got the better of him. It must have been apparent to him that the construction of the line was essential to the effective union of all the provinces.

GEORGE BROWN was a Scotsman, born in Alloa, on the Forth, in 1818. He was educated in the High School and Southern Academy in Edinburgh. In 1838 the Brown family emigrated to America, settling in New York, where in 1842 they established "The British Chronicle". This paper was designed for Scottish and Presbyterian readers of the United States and Canada, and an effort to increase the circulation in Canada brought George Brown to this country. As a result of his survey, the Browns moved to Toronto and established "The Banner," a weekly political and religious paper, in which they championed government by the people in both cases. Gradually politics occupied more and more space in its columns, until in 1844 "The Globe" was established. From that time forward the paper was his darling.

Brown was elected to Parliament for the first time in 1851. He rapidly rose to a commanding position in the Assembly, entirely through his own energy and force of conviction. By 1857 he was the acknowledged leader of the Reform party in Upper Canada. As early as 1859 he strongly advocated the confederation of what he termed "all the nations of British North America." In 1864 he was appointed chairman of a commission to discuss ways and means to that end. In the same year he went to England to place the scheme of Confederation before the authorities of the Home Government and was able to report, on his return, that the plan had given prodigious satisfaction. These facts go to indicate the important share he had in realizing the greatest event in the history of Canada since the Conquest.

His character as revealed by the "Cobourg Star," an opposition journal, is as follows: "In George Brown we see no agitator or demagogue, but the strivings of common sense, a sober will to attain the useful, the practical and needful. He has patient courage, stubborn endurance, and obstinate resist- and desperate fighting daring in attacking what he believes to be wrong and defending what he believes to be right. There is no cant, or parade, or tinsel or clap-trap about him. He takes his stand against open, palpable wrongs, against the tyranny which violates men's roofs and the intolerance which vexes their consciences. His leading principle is to reconcile progress with preservation, change with stability, the alteration of incidents with the maintenance of essentials."

Synopsis of Her Masterpiece

Helena Clifford is a successful artist, though she has yet to paint a picture which will be hailed by the world and by herself as her masterpiece. To her career as an artist, her husband has surrendered his own ambitions to blaze a trail and become a pioneer in the great North-West. A magazine article on "Edmund Keith, a Blazer of Trails," which her husband had been reading, suggests to Helena that possibly in this very country she could secure the inspiration for her masterpiece. They start on their journey, and on the second day out, Helena falls from her horse and breaks her right wrist, which is set by a pioneer doctor. As they are sitting before the fire in a settler's cabin where they are spending the night, suddenly a call from the trail startled them. A musical, girlish voice was crying, "Hello—ye good people, awake!"

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